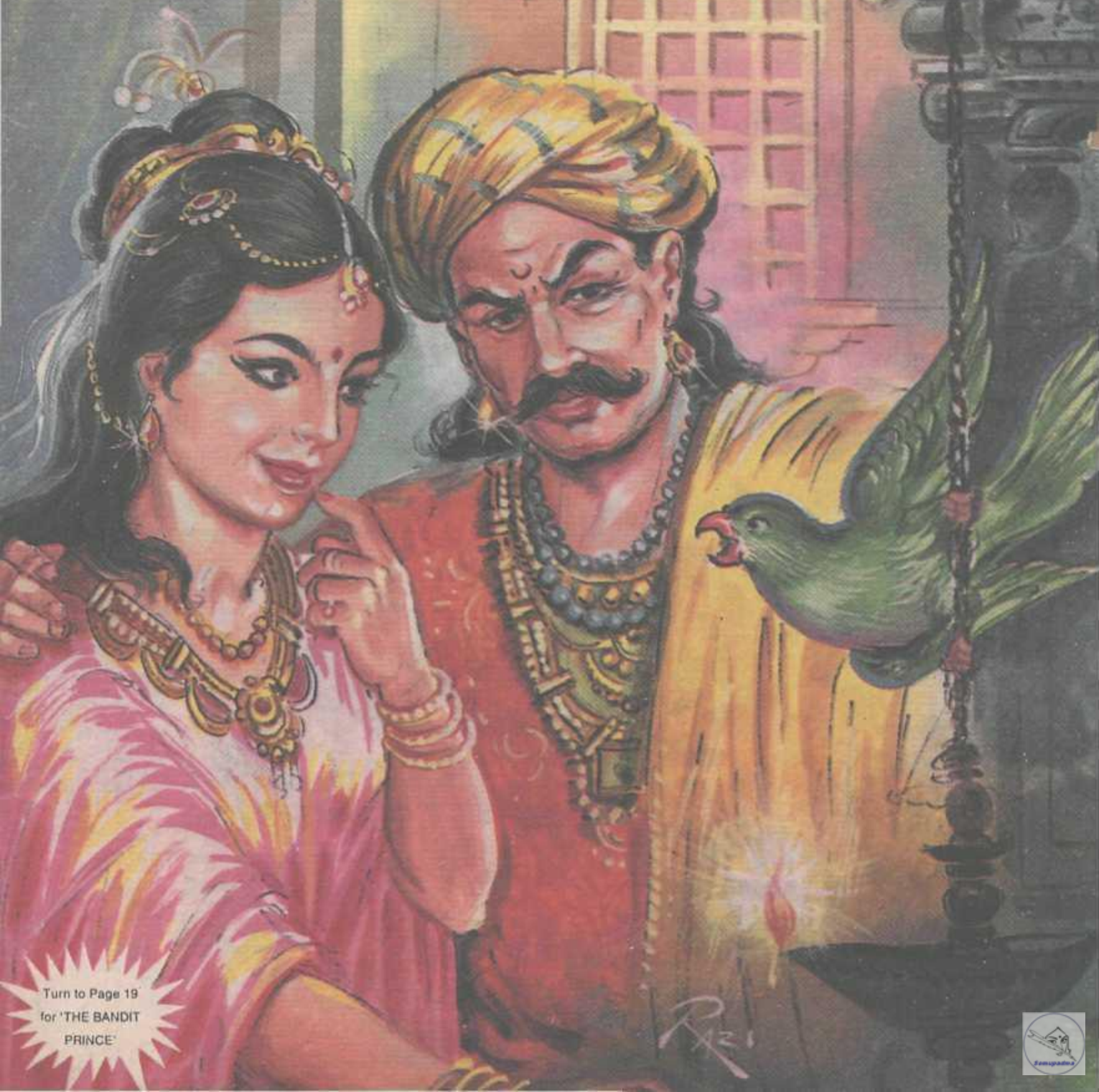


CHANDAMAMA

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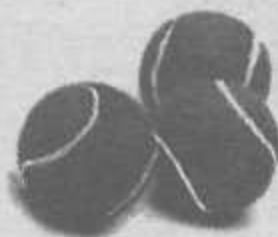
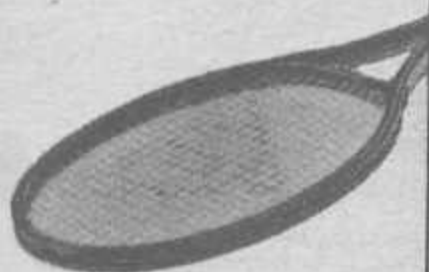
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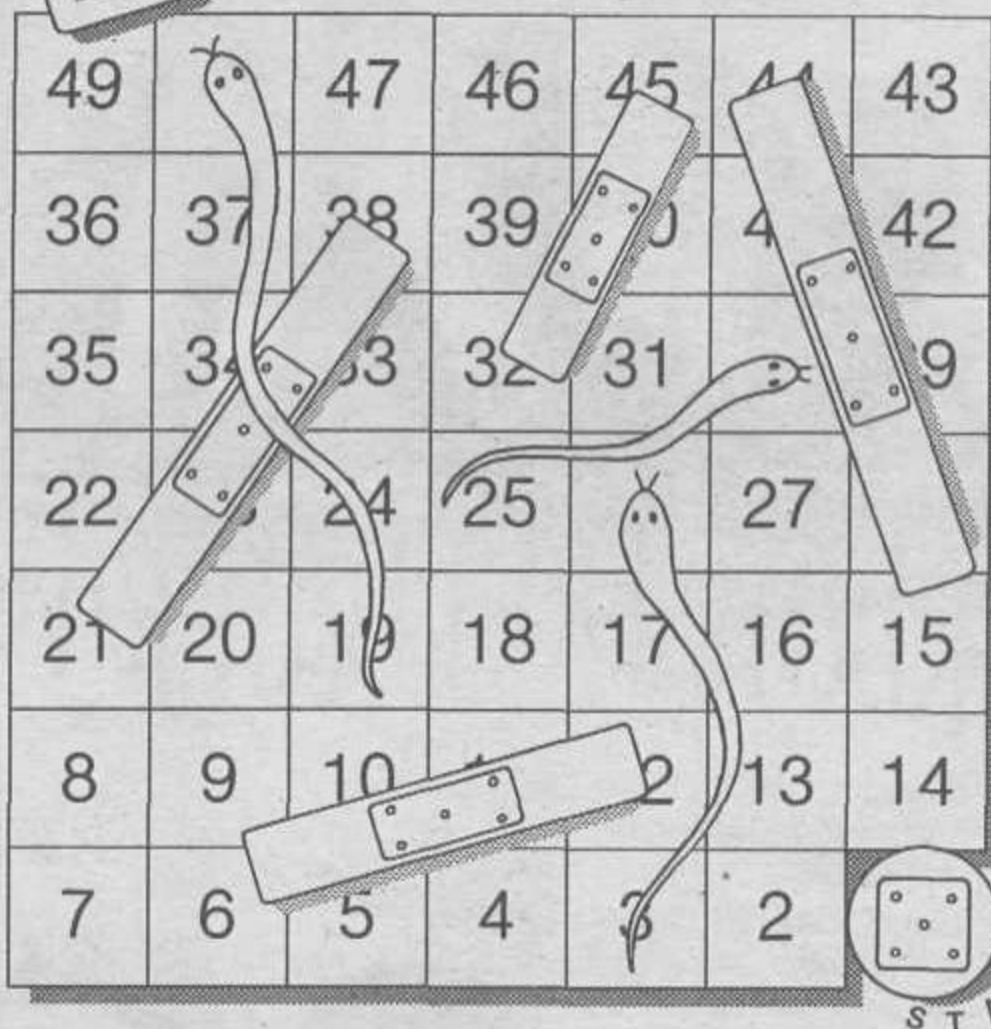
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CHANDAMAMA

IN THIS ISSUE

Vol. 21 NOVEMBER 1990 No. 5

Stories:

The Gentleman General	... Page 12
A King's Puzzling Conduct	... Page 13
The Bandit Prince-15	... Page 19
Vessels And Their Kids	... Page 26
Veer Hanuman-2	... Page 41
The Dreamer	... Page 48
The Strange Bear	... Page 54
The Sultan's Easy Income	... Page 58

Picture Stories:

How The Moon Was Saved	... Page 30
The Horse Neighs And A King Is Made	... Page 37

Features:

A Country Given On Lease	... Page 10
Supplement—25	... Page 33
World Of Nature	... Page 18
World Of Sport	... Page 57

**And News Flash, Let Us Know
and More!**

NEXT ISSUE

Vol. 21 DECEMBER 1990 No. 6

Vali vows vengeance against the innocent Sugriva. Hanuman's meeting with Rama would be the saving Grace for Sugriva. Read the account in **VEER HANUMAN**.

An act of kindness never goes unrewarded—tells us a Japanese fairy-tale, featuring a peacock and an old man.

A strange boon came to two brothers! A pictorial story in **World Mythology**.

A bunch of lively tales and so many other features—informative and interesting.

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Controlling Editor
NAGI REDDI



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THE PRICE OF VANITY

Earlier we have discussed about the dangers engulfing the earth because of the destruction of forests and hills. Along with the forests, several varieties of animals too are disappearing. Poachers go on killing the elephants in order to sell the ivory; they murder seals in order to make fashionable coats out of their skin. Such luxurious goods add to man's vanity. That is all. Vanity does not make him happy. It only makes the foolish ones around them envious. And envy of others adds to one's unhappiness.

We have no right to finish off the beautiful children of Nature for sake of our vanity. Nature will take revenge on us by depriving us of our peace and happiness. That is what is already happening. Let us be warned before it is too late.

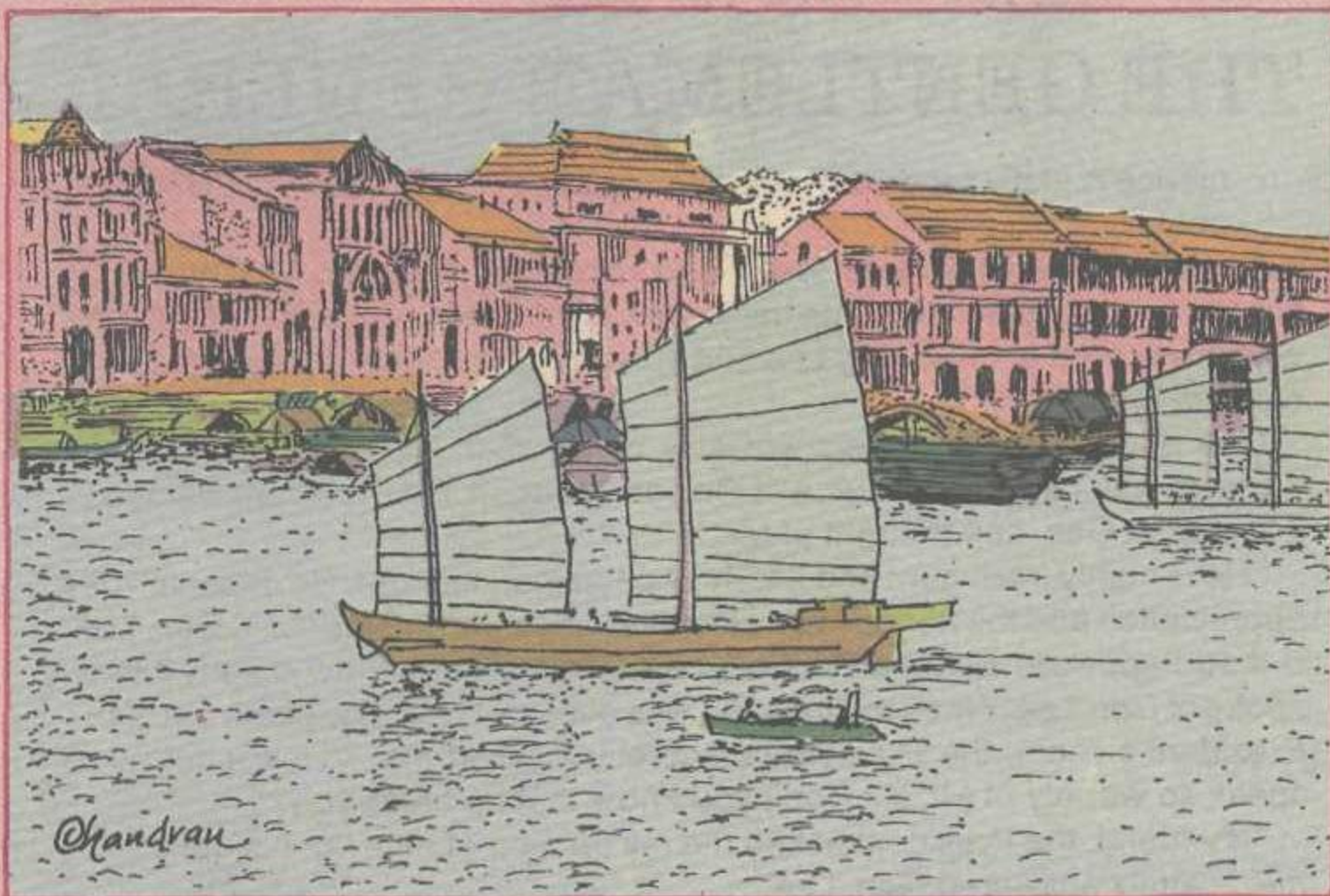
A COUNTRY GIVEN ON LEASE

The crowded and elegant city of Hong Kong is a small island-country by itself. But it is a colony of Britain.

If you look at the map of Asia, you will see that it is a part of China. How did it become a

colony of Britain? For many years, the British were making huge profits by exporting opium into China. In 1841, the Chinese government prohibited the import of opium. The British were annoyed. They seized the Hong Kong island.





But, surely, the British knew that it was not a very good thing to do so. After some skirmishes and negotiations, the British agreed to treat Hong Kong as a land taken by them on a lease from China for a hundred years.

The lease will come to an end in 1997. China has no intention of extending the lease. It will take over Hong Kong.

Hong Kong, meanwhile, had become one of the busiest cities in the world, humming with commercial activities. With its jungle of skyscrapers, luxurious lifestyle

and ultramodern technology, it presents a picture which is quite different from that of the mainland China. Will the communist government of China allow Hong Kong to go on with its free trade which has nothing in common with communism? The Chinese government says that it would allow Hong Kong to remain what it is. But the big businessmen of Hong Kong do not believe this. They are shifting their establishments to cities such as Singapore, Bangkok, Taipei or Manila.



PAGES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT

THE GENTLEMAN GENERAL

America is justly proud of Robert Edward Lee, a great general of the 19th century.

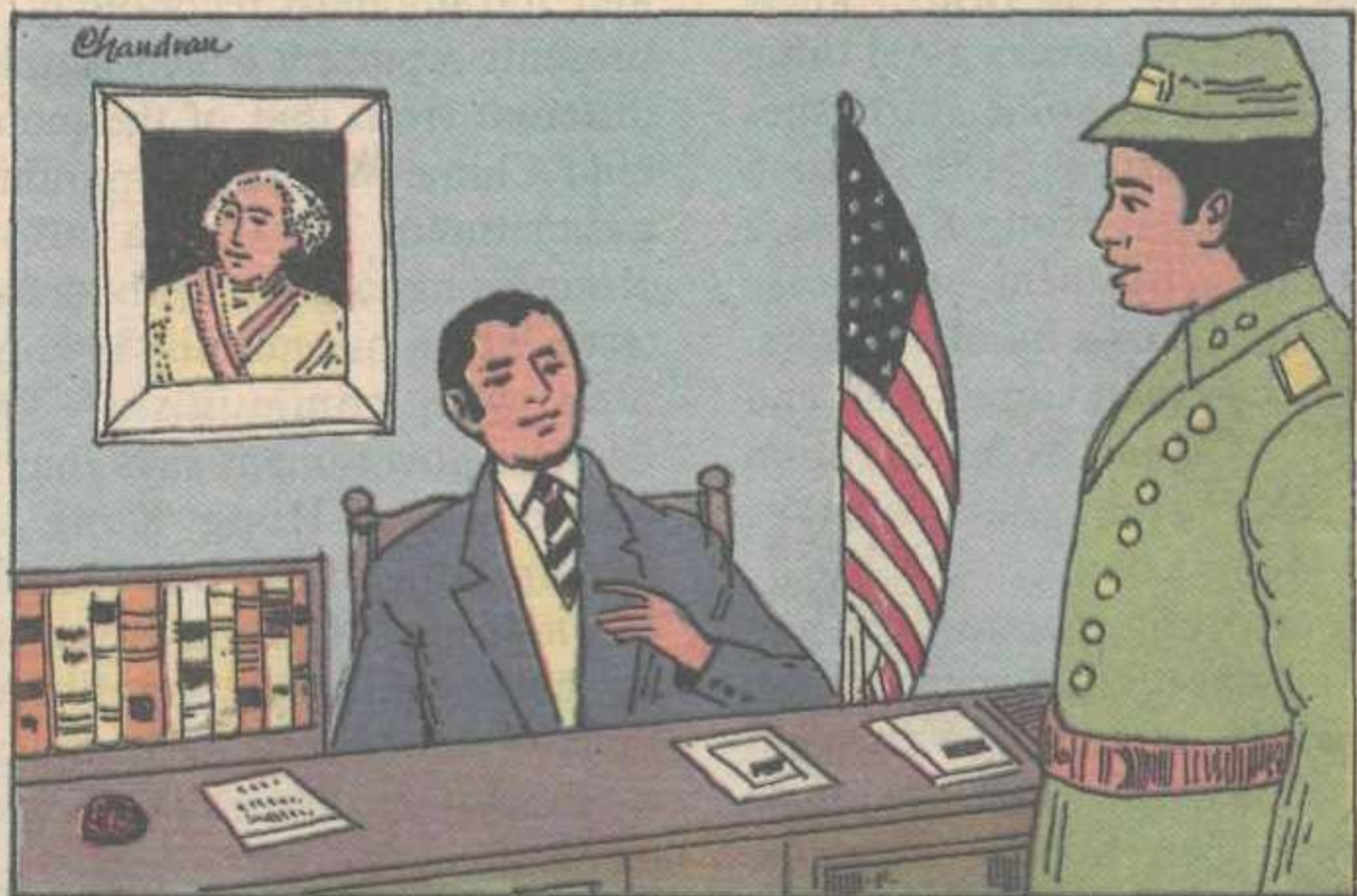
General Robert Lee was loved and respected by most. But there are always some people who hate the worthy. There was one army officer who was never tired of criticising Lee and spreading scandals about him. Let us call him Mr. X.

One day President Jefferson Davis called Gen. Lee and discussed a problem with him. In the course of the conversation, the President wanted to know what Gen. Lee thought of Mr. X.

"He is highly intelligent and a truly capable commander. He deserves our appreciation and the honour you propose to bestow on him," said Gen. Lee.

It so happened that the President's secretary knew how bitterly Mr. X. spoke of Gen. Lee. When the meeting was over and Gen. Lee came out of the President's room, the President's secretary asked him, "How could you speak so warmly of Mr. X? Don't you know that he hates you?"

"My friend, the President asked me my opinion of him, not his opinion of me," calmly answered Gen. Lee.



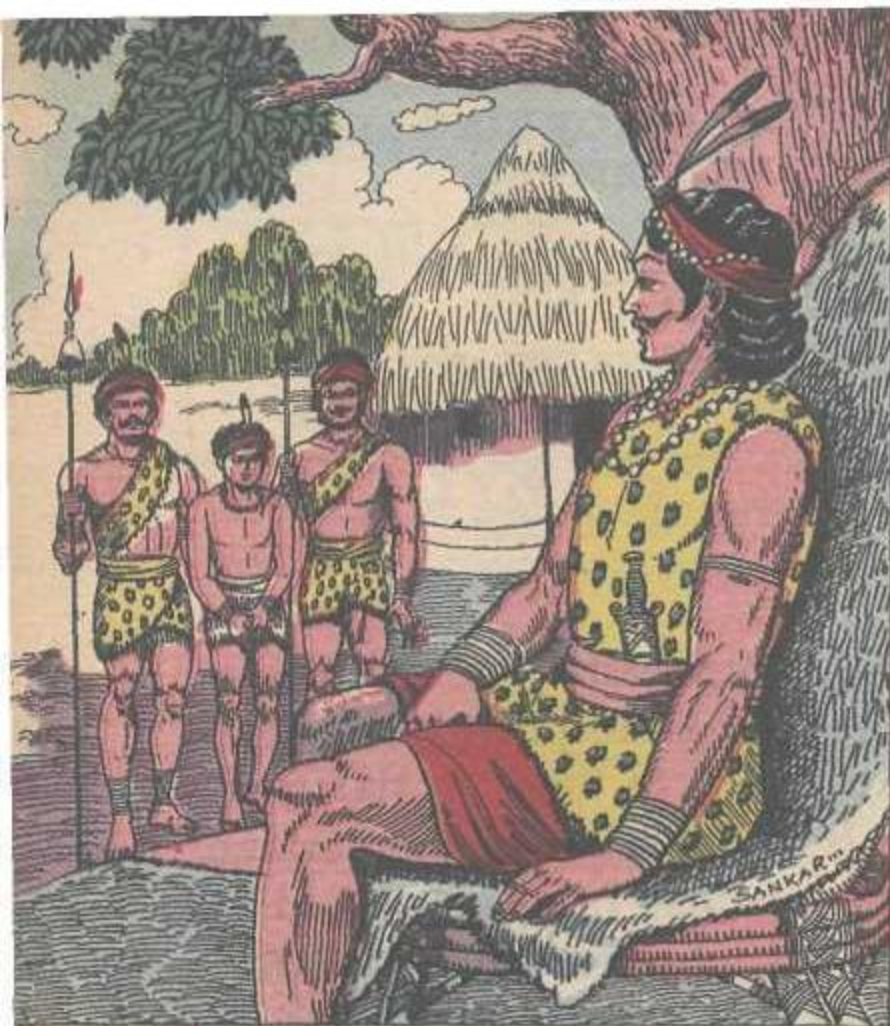
NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE

A KING'S PUZZLING CONDUCT

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, instead of enjoying a peaceful night, why are you taking such pains at such an unearthly hour? Is there a rebellion in your kingdom? Are you looking for some supernatural powers to suppress the rebellion? Will you kill your own people as once King Bhattalallot did? Let me narrate his story to you. Pay attention to it. That may bring





you some relief.”

The vampire went on: In the forest of Vindhyaachal, in days gone by, lived a tribe of ancient people known for their ability at archery, lathi-play, wrestling etc. Who-ever in the tribe excelled the others in these arts was chosen to rule the tribe as its chieftain.

A young man named Bhattalallot became the chieftain after the old chieftain's death. He proved a just and able ruler.

The tribe observed several taboos. Killing a rabbit or eating its flesh was considered a sin among the tribals. If anyone did any such thing, his action was

believed to cause harm to the whole tribe. If one killed a rabbit, he was killed according to the tribal law.

One day two tribal nobles produced a young man before the chieftain. They reported that the young man was caught by them just after he had killed a rabbit.

“Why did you do so?” asked the chieftain.

“I lost my way in the forest. I was terribly hungry. I found no food nearby. Hence I killed the rabbit so that I could eat its flesh and save my life,” explained the young man.

First Bhattalallot arranged to feed the young man. Then he asked him, “You surely know the punishment that awaits you!”

“I know. Death,” said the young man remorsefully.

“That is right,” said Bhattalallot. Then he ordered the young man to be carried to a part of the forest infested by bears and to be left there.

Another tribe ruled by a man called Begmalla lived on the other side of the range of hills. One day Begmalla suddenly launched an attack on Bhattalallot's domain. But Bhattalallot was always alert. He met the



challenge bravely. Begmalla's battalion was routed. Begmalla was taken prisoner. Bhattalallot became the ruler over both the domains, though he released Begmalla and let him enjoy his position, but only as subordinate to him.

Now Bhattalallot had a bigger domain and bigger army. He obliged several other tribal chieftains of Vindhyaachal to accept him as their leader. He declared himself a king.

All the tribal chiefs used to be subordinates to the king of Vishaladesh. Now that Bhattalallot announced his sovereignty, the king of Vishaladesh was angry. He asked his general to invade the forest and capture Bhattalallot. The general led his army into the forest, but his soldiers had no experience in carrying on a battle in the forest. The tribal soldiers harassed them and killed them from their hidings easily. When the general accepted defeat, Bhattalallot led his army into the capital of Vishaladesh and drove away the king and occupied the throne himself.

As the king of Vishaladesh he ruled with efficiency.

Days passed. One day, while



King Bhattalallot sat in his court, some tribals produced a non-tribal young man before him. They said, "O King, this young man has committed a grave offence. He inspired a girl of ours to elope with him. We caught both of them just when they were about to cross the forest."

According to the custom prevailing in that particular tribe, it was forbidden for their girls to marry outside the tribe. King Bhattalallot asked the girl if she wanted to marry the young man out of her free-will. She answered in the positive. The king announced that thereafter mar-





riages between two tribes or between tribals and non-tribals was not an offence. He let the young man and the tribal girl marry under his own supervision.

This caused resentment among a section of the tribe. They staged a rebellion under the leadership of a young man named Singarvel, who was a cousin of King Bhattalallot.

King Bhattalallot asked his general to fight the rebels. The general said, "My lord, they are our own people. Their leader is your cousin. Should we not try for a truce?"

"You are dismissed!" shouted

Bhattalallot. Then he led his army against the rebels himself and killed them.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, I have some doubts. Bhattalallot had once driven a young man to certain death because the young man had broken a tribal rule. How is it that the same man killed so many people when they only tried to defend a tribal custom? His general did not propose anything unjust. How is it that he dismissed the general? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "When Bhattalallot punished the young man for killing a rabbit, he was the chieftain of a tribe. His sole business was to take care of the interests and sentiments of the tribe. Now he was the king of Vishaldesh, comprising people of diverse customs and cultures. It is his business to look after the interests and sentiments of all the sections of his subjects. He must take a broader view of all the



issues. The freedom, of the young man and the young lady, their sentiments, their love for each other, were more important than the custom of a particular tribe. As the king he took a humanitarian approach. In fact, he was always humanitarian. Even in the first case, we should not forget that he only sent the rabbit-killer to a bear-infested area, he did not kill him. He gave the young man a chance to escape death. But even a humanitarian king cannot bear with rebellion. He had to suppress it. Truce is made

with another kingdom, not with those within the kingdom who defy the king.

"So far as dismissing the general is concerned, Bhattalalot's action is justified. It is for the ministers to advise the king. The general's sole duty is to follow the order. A general who questions the king's order, cannot fight with total commitment. That may prove dangerous for the king."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

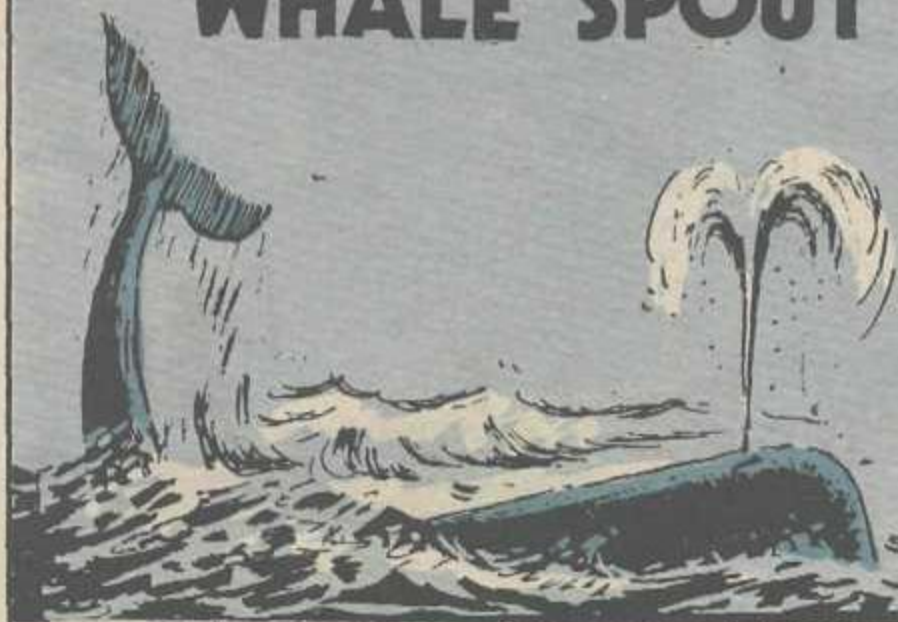
THE SECRET

Here is an old Chinese saying:

If there is nobility in the heart,
There will be beauty in the character,
If there is beauty in the character,

There will be harmony in the home.
If there is harmony in the home,
There will be order in the nation.
If there will be order in the nation,
There will be peace in the world.

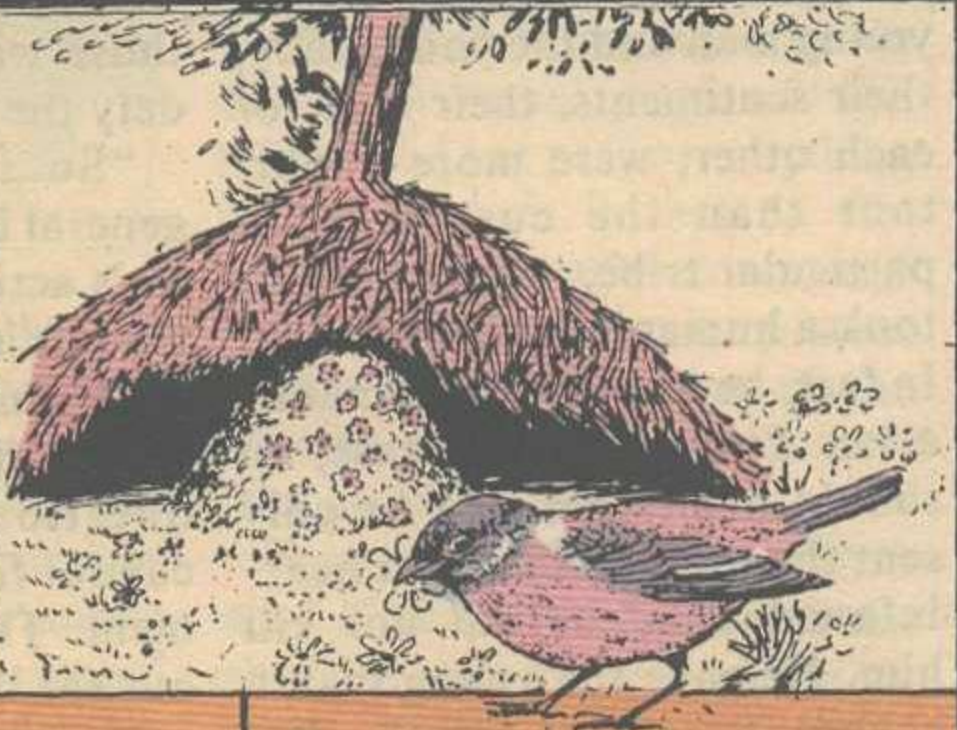
WHALE SPOUT



A WHALE DOES NOT SPOUT WATER—BUT **STEAM**. AFTER A LONG DIVE, THE USED AIR IN THE WHALE'S LUNGS BECOMES HOT AND LADEN WITH MOISTURE. WHEN IT REACHES THE SURFACE AND OPENS ITS SINGLE NOSTRIL THIS WARM AIR IS BLASTED OUT INTO THE COLD AIR WHERE IT CONDENSES AND LOOKS LIKE WATER.

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THE BANDIT PRINCE

15

(The chieftain of Jainagar, Shankar Varma did not agree to hand over to Vir Singh the gold idol of Kanaka Durga discovered amidst the ruins of his ancestral palace. Vir Singh's general, Jabarsen, forcibly took it away. But as the image was being carried by boat, Jabarsen's soldiers marching on both the banks, someone swung from one bank of the river to the other bank, in the process picking up the idol.)

“Halt!” Jabarsen commanded his soldiers. “What happened?” he demanded to know from his men in the boat. “Where is the bandit? A bandit is not a crocodile to swim behind you! Had you fallen asleep? Did you dream a nightmare?”

“General, Sir, the bandit escaped with the idol!” said the

soldiers guarding the idol in the boat.

Alas, it took some time for Jabarsen to put things together and to realise that the idol, indeed, had been whisked away.

How could anybody, holding on to a rope with one hand and swinging from one bank of the river to the other, have lifted the

RETURN OF THE DEITY





idol with the other hand? Made of pure and solid gold, the idol was very heavy. In fact, it had needed four soldiers to carry it from Shankar Varma's palace to the boat!

The boat had come ashore and the soldiers guarding the idol stood before Jabarsen, their heads hung. In his despair, Jabarsen slapped the senior-most member of the team and asked, "How could that happen? How could the bandit snatch the idol?"

The soldier was sulking under great humiliation. For, the bandit had kicked him while lifting

the idol. He could have said that if there was nothing surprising in the bandit evading the view of so many soldiers marching on the banks, why should his snatching the idol appear surprising? But he had no courage to answer Jabarsen in that manner. But courage or no courage, he was clever. "Sir," he said, "do you believe that a man could have carried the heavy idol with one hand?"

"Then?" asked Jabarsen.

"Sir, I am sure, it was a vampire or some kind of spirit!" answered the senior soldier.

It put a new idea into Jabarsen's brain. "Hm!" he said. "Say so before our king!"

And, of course, before their "king", Vir Singh, they said even much more: there was a total darkness all on a sudden. A huge, terrible being swooped down upon the boat straight from the blue! Then, picking up the idol, it just disappeared or melted or evaporated. It was a purely supernatural affair, nothing human!

Vir Singh did not know whether to believe Jabarsen or not. But the fact is, it was once again a defeat for him. Is there



really some black magic at work against him? If so, how to counteract it? Where to find a wizard who could come to his aid?

A gloom had descended on Jainagar. The people who were looking forward to the installation of the gold image in the newly built shrine, had been shocked at Jabarsen's conduct. They knew that a tyrant was ruling the kingdom of Sumedh. But they had never expected that his tyranny would one day spread to Jainagar in such a naked manner!

Chieftain Shankar Varma sat in his room. Nobody dared to go near him, but his daughter, Sukanya, slowly approached him. The chieftain loved this beautiful and intelligent child of his, in fact his only child, more than anything else.

"Father, I have a feeling that our deity would come back to us," said the girl sweetly.

Shankar Varma sported a sad smile. He knew only too well how fascinated Sukanya had been with the charming, divine idol. She was the moving spirit behind the celebration that was being organised. She must have



suffered the shock most acutely, but she was trying to bring solace to her father!

Shankar Varma did not say anything. Suppressing his own surging tears, he held his daughter in his embrace and caressed her.

"Babu!"

Shankar Varma, surprised, looked up. Yes, upon the pillar sat Malli, Sage Jayananda's pet parrot.

Shankar Verma stood up. The bird hopped down and then flew for a few yards and clutched to a hanging chandelier and looked back. That means, it wanted the





chieftain to follow it.

Shankar Varma moved forward as directed by the bird. Princess Sukanya followed him. The bird soon flew out into the moonlit garden. Shankar Varma and Sukanya too stepped into it. The bird hopped onto the branch of a pomegranate tree. As Shankar Varma reached the tree, keeping his eyes fixed on the bird, Sukanya cried out, "O Father! Look! The deity is back!"

Lo and behold, under the tree stood the lost idol. Sukanya sat down and took the idol into her arms. Tears rolled down her cheeks. "Father! Had I not said

that the deity would be back with us!" she mumbled out in ecstasy.

Shankar Varma stood speechless. Indeed, the deity was back. But there must be something to explain this strange happening. What is that? He looked for Malli. The bird may give some hint.

Malli made an affectionate sound. Shankar Varma was once again surprised to see it perched on the shoulder of a young man who emerged from the other side of the tree.

The young man bowed to Shankar Varma and smiled, "Sir, you don't know me. But I know you. My master, Sage Jayananda, is never tired speaking of you."

"Are you no—are you not Prince Sandip?" muttered Shankar Varma with deep affection.

"I am your humble servant," said the prince. Next moment he found himself in Shankar Varma's embrace. Sukanya looked on with her eyes wide open in wonder.

"How deeply I have longed to see you, my boy! How grateful I am to Providence that my wish is granted at last! But how could this idol be back?"



"I had the privilege to bring it, Sir!" humbly said Prince Sandip.

"But how?" asked Shankar Varma.

The prince narrated how he swung from one bank of the river to the other bank, lifting the idol in the process and then how he galloped down to Jainagar.

"But, my boy, how was it possible for you to carry the heavy idol—that too when you could have made use of only one arm?" asked Shankar Varma, expressing surprise.

The prince said, "Sir, I am not less surprised with my feat. Only now I realise how difficult the task was. I may not be able to

perform it again. But some strange power seems to have descended into my arms. I do not know what was the source of that power!"

"The deity Herself is the source of that power. She wished to come back—and she is here!" said Sukanya in a sweet voice.

As the prince looked at the maiden with curiosity, Shankar Varma looked at both and smiled and told the prince, "O Prince, that is my daughter, Sukanya. She is yet to learn how to speak to a great prince."

"But she knows how to speak the truth!" said Prince Sandip, smiling.







“Sukanya!” said Shankar Varma. “We must welcome our noble guest and arrange for his rest!”

“Sir, I will of course come with you into the palace, but only for a short while. My lieutenants must be waiting for me, anxiously. And I must warn you that Vir Singh may strike again. My friends and followers would do everything to protect you, but you too have to be alert,” said the prince as all the three walked into the palace.

As the prince sat down and Sukanya left them for fetching some food for the prince, Shankar Varma said, “O Prince, I am not so much anxious about my protection as much about your safety. Let me be blunt. As long as the tyrant Vir Singh is alive, you are not safe. I think it is high

time, we do something to put an end to his rule.”

“Sir, we had chances to kill him, but we do not like assassination. We should be able to vanquish him through a battle. Although he was treacherous to my father, I do not wish him to feel, at the time of his death, that he was being treacherously killed. He must fight; he must exhaust his force and strength and then die. If we are vanquished, we would accept our fate,” said the prince.

Princess Sukanya had entered the chamber, herself carrying a dishful of delicious items. She stood behind the prince, listening to him. Her father, Shankar Varma, was equally charmed with the prince.

—To continue





VESSELS AND THEIR KIDS

Tumaklal was a famous man. Famous for what, you ask me? Since you are asking me, I must answer. He was famous for his greed and envy.

He had his own horse, but once when he was required to go to the town, he asked his neighbour, Vimal, to lend him his horse. Vimal was poor and humble. It was not wise for a poor man to displease a rich neighbour. Even then he hesitated, for he took great care of his horse and it was an excellent horse. Had Tumaklal grown envious of him on account of the horse?

"Don't worry, my friend, I will pay you a certain fee for your horse!" promised Tumaklal. "We can decide the amount after

I return, can't we? For, I must see how well the horse serves!" said Tumaklal.

Vimal handed over the reins of his horse to Tumaklal, with a heavy heart. Tumaklal came back on the third day—but riding a different horse. Feigning anger, he took Vimal to task for giving a sick horse to him on rent!

Vimal stood speechless. "Tumaklal, I did not offer you my horse! You wanted to borrow it. Then my horse was not sick. It was as sound as a bell!" he protested.

"Your horse died midway. I had to pay much more for hiring another horse!" he said. "Instead of I paying you, you should pay

me some penalty for causing so much trouble to me!" he ranted. "However, kind-hearted that I am, I don't insist on the penalty. Begone!" he added.

Vimal shed tears over his lost horse. The horse must have strayed away and fearing that he has to pay for it, Tumaklal gave out the story that it had died. This is what Vimal thought. But his friends thought otherwise. "Tumaklal has sold it in the town!" they asserted.

Years passed. Through honest labour, Vimal grew richer and richer. That caused Tumaklal much heartburning, but that could not be helped.

Vimal's daughter was to get married. He went to Tumaklal and asked him to lend him some cooking vessels. Tumaklal had them not because he often threw feasts, but a man of another village had pledged them with him and had been unable to release them, because Tumaklal had forged a receipt showing that the man had sold them to him. The man was Vimal's friend and Vimal knew about it.

"Vimal, can I say 'No' to you? Are we not neighbours?" said Tumaklal, most affably. He was polite to Vimal because the latter



had grown wealthy. "But," continued Tumaklal, "just for remembering things, you may put your signature on a receipt."

Tumaklal listed on a piece of paper the vessels and then wrote below the list that Vimal should return them the day after the wedding, and that if there was loss of any vessel or damage to any, he must pay for it.

Vimal signed the receipt and took the vessels.

The wedding was a happy affair for all the villagers, because Vimal was loved by all. Tumaklal was happy that Vimal spent a lot of money, but unhappy because he did so quite happily and



spontaneously.

Five days passed after the wedding. Tumaklal was beginning to worry about his vessels when Vimal brought them to him. They were all clean and without a scratch. But Tumaklal was surprised to see that there were some smaller vessels in the lot which were extra.

"You are wondering about the extra vessels, are you? Well, that is a mystery. After their use, I cleaned your vessels and kept them locked in a room. As I kept busy, I could not return them to you. Today I opened the room and saw, to my surprise, these small ones near the big ones. The

only explanation is, they were born of the big ones! If your cow gives birth to a calf, the calf is yours. Similarly, since your vessels gave birth to some smaller ones, they too are yours!"

"It is very honest of you, my friend," said Tumaklal aloud. But in his mind, instead of saying "my friend", he said "you fool!" He was sure that the smaller vessels belonged to someone else and they had got mixed up with the bigger ones. However, he said, "Vimal, I am much older than you. Experience has taught me that anything is possible. We know about horses which could fly. If that was possible, what is amazing in this? In any case, I knew that the vessels I gave you were very special."

"Indeed, they are. Thank you. Will you please put down your signature to this receipt?" said Vimal, spreading out before Tumaklal a scrap of paper. It was written that Tumaklal had received all his vessels along with the kid-vessels born to them at Vimal's house. Tumaklal signed it.

Next year Vimal's son was to get married. "My friend, don't hesitate to ask me for the vessels," Tumaklal told Vimal in

advance.

"I shall be happy to have them, Tumaklal!" said Vimal. Sure enough, he took the vessels.

But even when a fortnight passed and he did not return them, Tumaklal went to him and asked him about them.

Feigning sorrow, Vimal said, "Tumaklal, all your vessels died in an epidemic!"

"What nonsense do you say!" shouted Tumaklal.

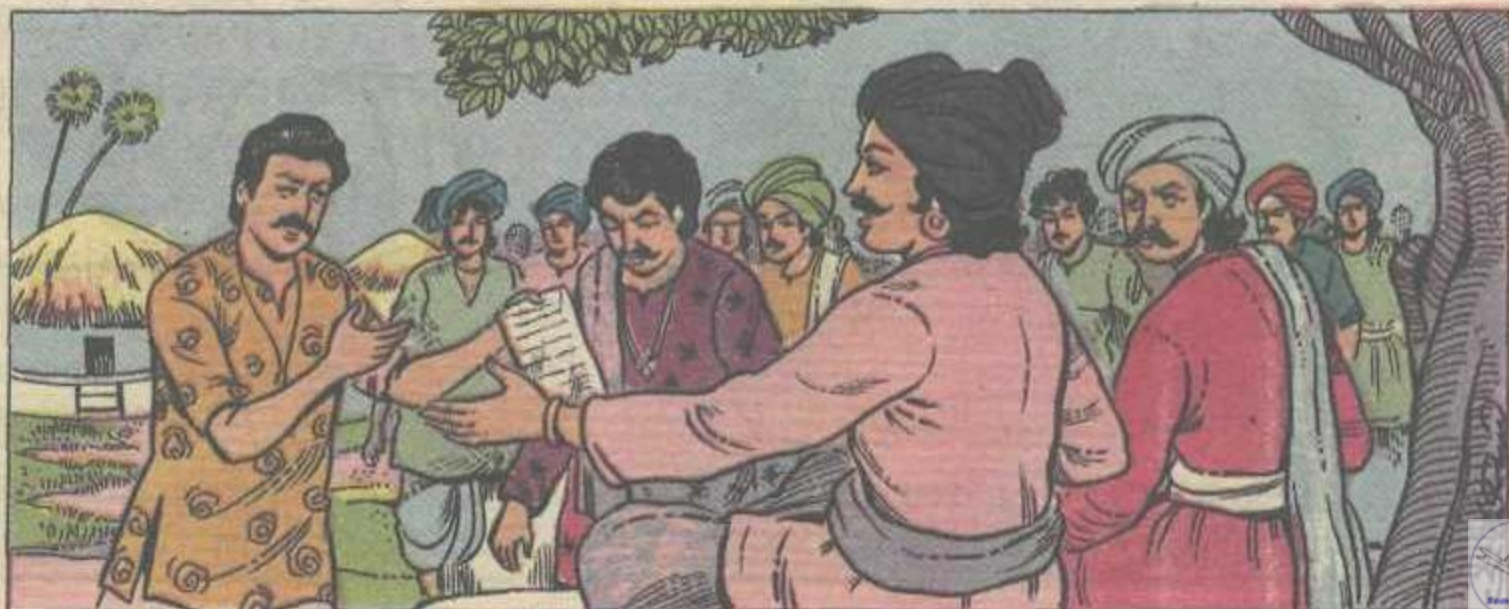
Calmly Vimal explained, "You see, I had locked them in a room. When I opened the room, they had just died and disintegrated. They had been reduced to a heap of dust. Only an epidemic could have caused it!"

"Nonsense!" shrieked Tumaklal. He carried his complaint to the village committee. The committee summoned both Tumaklal

and Vimal. "Well," said Vimal who had meanwhile restored the vessels to their true owner whom Tumaklal had cheated, "Tumaklal's vessels were special. Tumaklal knows it. What is surprising in special vessels dying in an epidemic?"

The president of the committee asked Vimal to explain what he said. "Gentlemen, because Tumaklal's vessels were special, they could breed kid-vessels. Tumaklal accepted that fact. We all know that all creatures who can breed children would die one day. Why should Tumaklal not accept this fact too?"

He then produced the receipt he had obtained from Tumaklal. Everybody felt amused. Tumaklal sat, his head hung. The villagers understood that Vimal had given the greedy fellow a lesson which he badly needed!



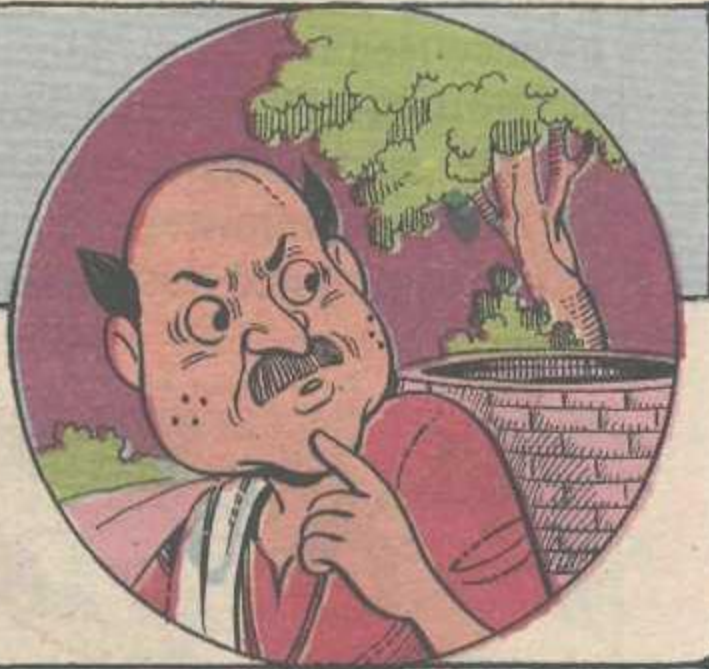
HOW THE MOON WAS SAVED

They still talk about Bachu Babu, the landlord who always meant well, but was a fool.



It was a full-moon night. Bachu Babu suddenly looked into his well in the garden.

He was sure that the moon had accidentally fallen into his well. He fetched a rope and tied a hook to it.



He lowered it into the well. The hook got stuck to a stone.



He pulled it with all his might, sure that the moon had been hooked!



The rope snapped. Bachu Babu had a fall. He fainted.



His servants came running and sprinkled water on his face. He opened his eyes and saw the moon in the sky!



He smiled and said, "I hauled the moon up to the sky, though I had a fall!"

TOWARDS BETTER ENGLISH

SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE!

Setting a river on fire—if that is at all possible—would no doubt be something spectacular, isn't that so? R.V. Raghava Rao of Kamgiri wonders what *The Thames on fire* could mean.

The complete expression is, *He will never set the Thames on fire*. That is to say, the person in question is incapable of doing anything memorable.

A German equivalent of the phrase is, *Setting the Rhine on fire*.

"During an election quarrel, X called Y—who had joined X's rivals—Judas! I did not understand the exact significance, although it is obviously a rebuke," writes Suman Singh of Agra.

Maybe, Y had promised support to X, but deserted him. *Judas* stands for one who has betrayed his benefactor. Judas Iscariot betrayed Jesus Christ. The term is often used to decry someone's action even when he had been faithless to his friend and not necessarily to his benefactor.

Judas Kiss means a deceitful gesture of courtesy. As we read in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*:

So Judas kissed his Master

And cried, "All hail!" whereas he meant *all harm*.

"We come across the phrase *Scapegoat* in the Bible. But the book does not explain the word. What does it mean?" asks V. Jagadeesh of Atmakur, Kurnool.

In ancient times the Hebrews led a goat to their temple. The priest, through some rituals, transferred the sins of his community to the goat and the animal was then driven into the forest. The goat, thus, carried the sins which it had not committed! Hence, the *scapegoat* is one who is blamed publicly or punished for a wrong which he has not committed. The clever ones can often find scapegoats and escape punishment for their own mischief.

Please refer to this column in August '90 issue. Dr. George Gallup was an American and not British, though the oldest institution to conduct opinion polls following his methods is known as the British Gallup.



THE INDIA OF THEIR DREAMS

WHAT IS THE CENTRAL SPIRIT OF INDIA?

Swami Vivekananda (1863-1902) made it the mission of his life to awaken India from its inertia, superstitions, etc. A great yogi, he knew the secret through which India could rise. That secret was her Dharma or spirituality. He said:

“Each nation, like each individual, has one theme in his life, which is its centre, the principal note round which every other note comes to form the harmony... If any one nation attempts to throw off its national vitality, the direction which has become its own through the transmission of centuries, the nation dies... In one nation political power is its vitality, as in England. Artistic life in another and so on. In India Dharma forms the centre, the keynote of the whole music of national life.”

What Swami Vivekananda meant by Dharma is our quest for Truth, not the performance of a few rituals. Let us ask ourselves how close we are to the expectation of this great teacher.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Who is the foreigner from whom we learn much about a great Indian King of ancient times?
2. Who is the King about whom he writes?
3. Which city was his capital?
4. What was the height achieved by the world's first airplane flight? How long did it fly?
5. Which is the largest living bird?



VISHNU

Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva are the three greatest deities in the Indian mythology. In fact, they are the three aspects of the Supreme Divine, the aspects of Creation, Sustaining the Creation and Destruction paving the

way for change.

In the Vedas, Vishnu is described as taking three long steps—covering the earth, the heavens and the spheres beyond the heavens. At the times of great changes, Vishnu incarnates on



the earth assuming different personalities. So far, He has incarnated nine times. Rama and Krishna were none other than Vishnu's incarnations. The tenth incarnation is yet to take place. As Kalki, Vishnu would put an end to the ignorant and barbaric conduct of man, paving the way for a new race of spiritually awakened human beings.

In sculpture and painting He is shown as wearing a beautiful crown and holding *Shankha*, (the conch) and *Chakra* (the discus) in his two upper hands and *Gada* (the mace) and *Padma* (the lotus) in his two lower hands.

On his right is seen Goddess Lakshmi and on his left is *Prithvi*, the Goddess Earth. But Vishnu is depicted variously—as sleeping on his serpent-bed, or as riding his vehicle-bird Garuda, so on and so forth.

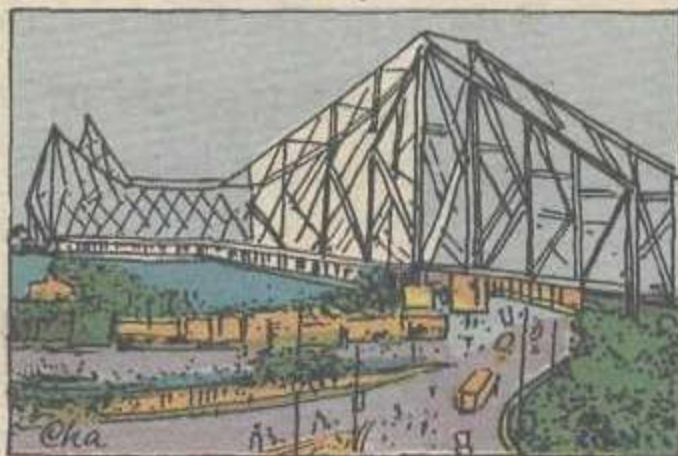
Among His numerous names are Ananta, Vaikuntheshwara, Venkateswara, Keshava, Achyuta, Madhava, Pitambara, Janardana, Visvambhara, Damodara, Chaturbhuja, Mukunda, Murari, Narayana, Padmanabha, Hari and Yajneswara.

NEWS FLASH

CITY OF THE DEAF?

If the volume of noise that now prevails in the city of Calcutta is allowed to continue, in another few years tens of thousands of people will grow deaf, according to experts. In any case the level of hearing capacity is going down very fast. Calcutta is the noisiest city in India—thanks to the traffic, the small and big factories and the human throat.

What applies to Calcutta today, may apply to any other city tomorrow.



THE OLDEST WELL

The oldest well in the world known till today was situated in Turkey. But a well just discovered in Israel is older than that. It is 8,000 years old. It belongs to the Stone Age, but the well shows that the ancient people had sound knowledge of water resources.



LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. Who in real life was very close to the character of the legendary Robin Hood?
2. Who is the famous writer who has written a novel on him and what is its name?
3. What are the other famous novels written by the same author?
4. Who translated Rabindranath Tagore's "Gitanjali" from Bengali to English?
5. Who wrote the Introduction to the English edition of the book?
6. How many reprints of the English Gitanjali were published during the first year?

ANSWERS

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Fa Hien, the Chinese traveller.
2. Vikramaditya.
3. Ujjayini.
4. In 1903 the Wright Brothers flew at a height of 8 to 12 feet, for 12 seconds.
5. The North African Ostrich.

LITERATURE

1. Rob Roy of Scotland.
2. Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).
The novel's title is "Rob Roy".
3. "Ivanhoe", "The Talisman",
"A Legend of Montrose" etc.
4. The poet himself.
5. W.B. Yeats.
6. Thirteen reprints, during
March 1913 and December
1913.



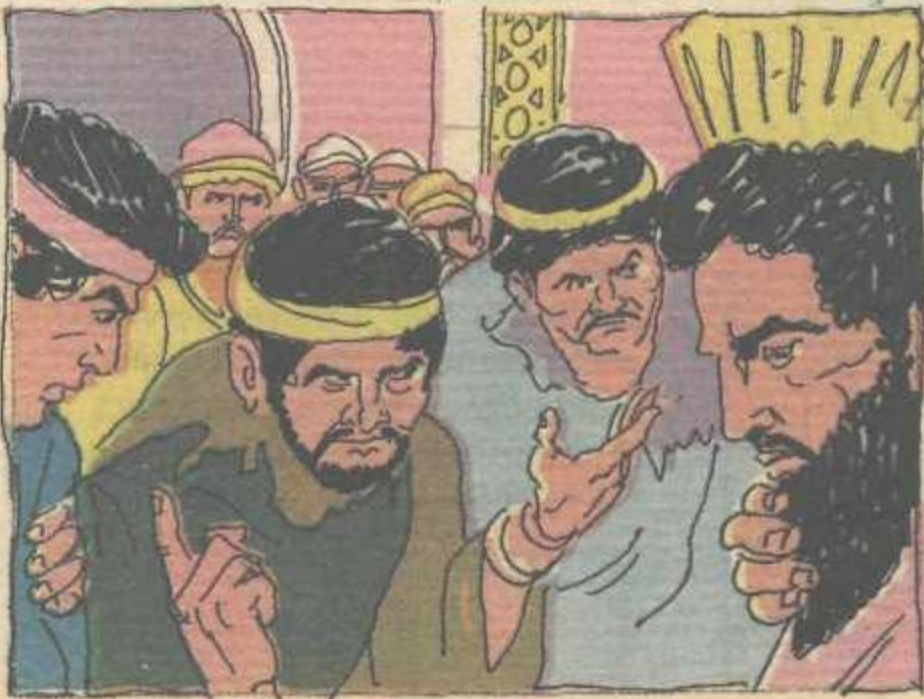


WORLD MYTHOLOGY-2

THE HORSE NEIGHS AND A KING IS MADE

Prince Smerdis of Persia was killed by assassins, secretly. Nobody knew this except one man, who resembled the dead prince. Suddenly an idea struck him. Can't he pass off as the real prince?

This man dressed himself like the dead prince. When he went to the court, the people mistook him as the real prince. In due course he was also crowned the king.

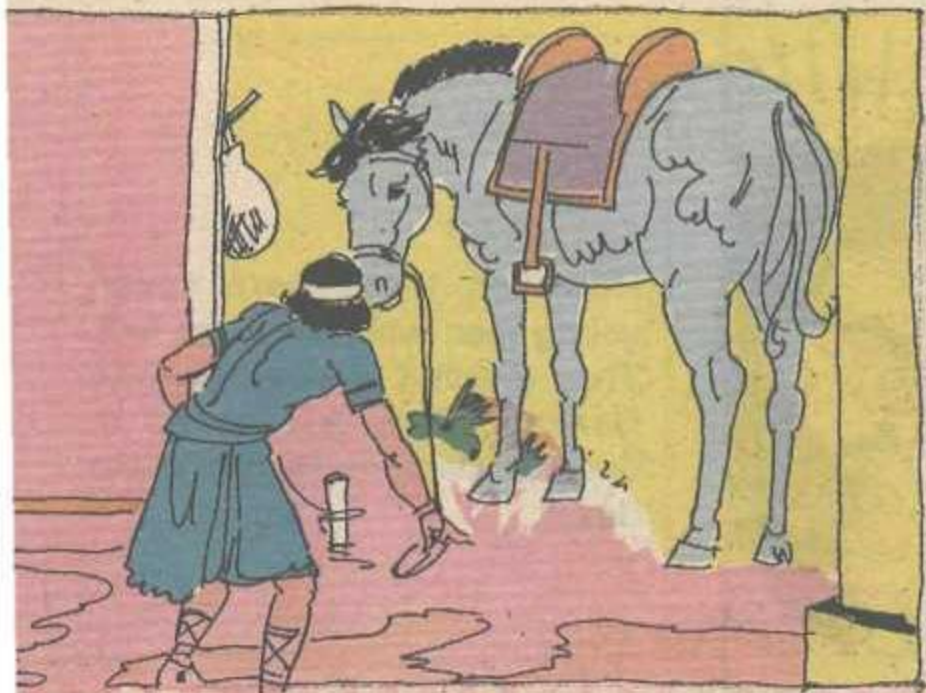
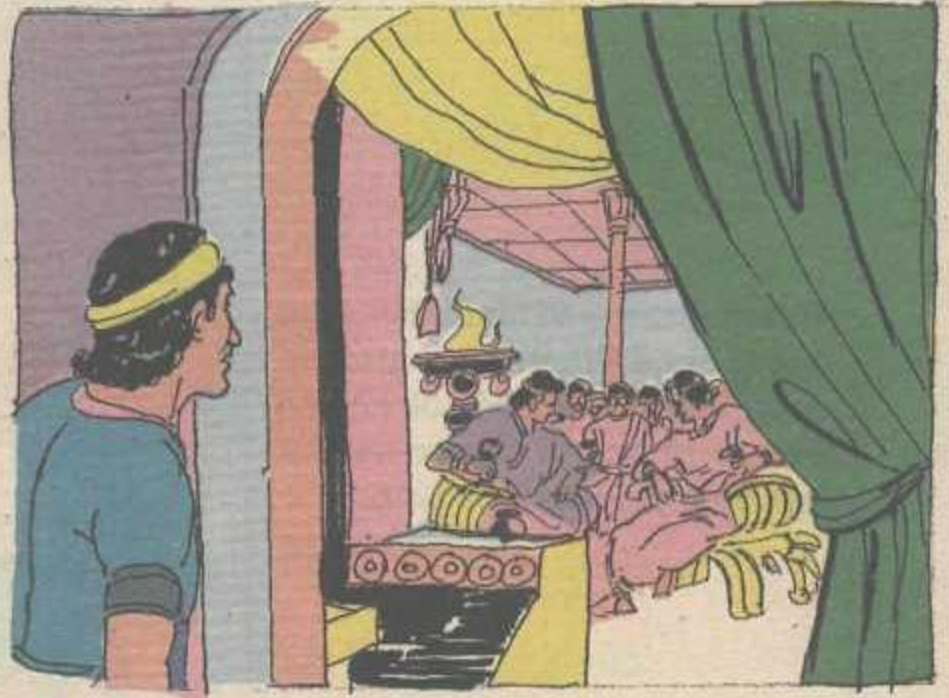


However, there were seven young men who knew the fact. They revolted against the false Smerdis. They succeeded in overthrowing him. He was put to death.



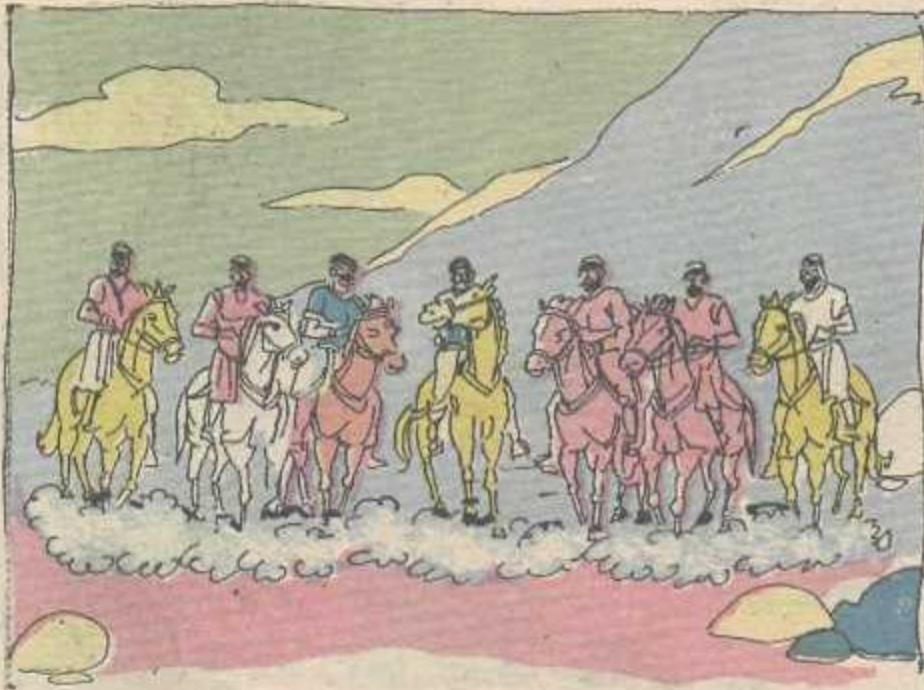
The city went festive. The people knew that the seven young men were all noble in character. They were accorded a grand public ovation and were assured that whoever sits on the throne would receive popular support.

But who among the seven should become the king? Among themselves they decided that they would go out riding their horses in the morning. Whosoever's horse neighs first, would be the king.



Among the seven young men was Darius, a brave and noble youth. He had a clever servant who overheard their discussion and decision. He decided to act. In the evening he took out the horse of Darius.

In the meadow, near a palm tree he fed the horse sumptuously. He then quietly brought the horse back to the stable. The night passed, the seven friends looking forward to their luck in the morning.



The seven friends rode their horses and went out into the meadow. It was a morning of untold significance for them. The sun rose and they trotted forth leisurely.

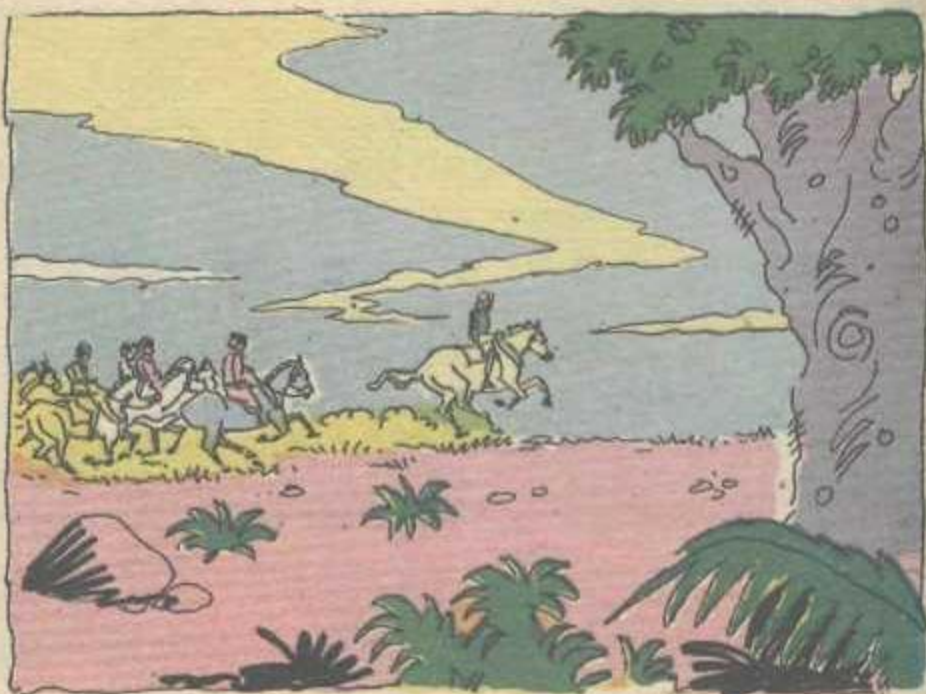
Suddenly, under the palm tree, the horse of Darius neighed, remembering the happy treat it had received there on the previous evening.





Immediately his six noble friends dismounted and greeted the lucky Darius with the reverence due to a king. Darius, who knew nothing about his servant's deed, took it as destiny.

"Hail King Darius!" shouted the six friends, riding behind Darius, as they returned to the city. Crowds collected on the roadsides. They knew that they had got a new king.



Darius was duly coronated the king of Persia. He became a very powerful king. Indeed, it was perhaps destiny which worked through his servant's cleverness. Darius continues to be an important name in history.



2

(The emanation of Lord Shiva, in the form of a fruit, was carried by the god of Wind to Anjana who was dedicated to Tapasya or askesis. As a result of her eating the fruit the wonder child Hanuman was born. The infant mistook the sun for a fruit and tried to swallow it.)

Encouraged by Indra's support, Rahu proceeded to drive Anjaneya away from the sun.

Anjaneya took Rahu to be yet another delicious fruit or a plaything and advanced to catch him. Rahu was horrified. He hid behind Indra and cried out, "Look, O king of the gods, how

the infant terrible is coming to swallow me. What should I do?"

"Don't fear!" said Indra as he directed his elephant, Airavata, towards Anjaneya.

Sight of the trumpeting Airavata delighted Anjaneya. The white, heavenly elephant too was no different to him from an object of play. He at once

JOURNEY TO KISKINDHYA





pounced upon Airavata, at which the terrified elephant turned back. Indra had no other go than to throw his Vajrayudha—the weapon of thunder—at Anjaneya. At that the infant Anjaneya fainted and fell down and lay still on the Udayadri hills spread along the eastern horizon.

Vayu, the god of Wind, became sad and angry to see the condition of Anjaneya. He remained still. The world was deprived of breeze.

Back in her hut, Anjana saw her child missing. She desperately searched for him everywhere, but it did not yield any

result. She wept.

Keshari learnt about her anguish. Coming to her, he consoled her, saying, “The child mistook the rising sun to be a sweet fruit and proceeded to swallow it. At that Rahu felt distressed. At Rahu’s appeal Indra was obliged to check the boy’s adventure with the help of his thunder weapon. The boy has swooned away. In protest, Vayu has stopped his work. The boy, however, would recover soon.”

As the wind stopped blowing, all the gods felt concerned and worried. They hurried forth to Brahma and told him what had happened.

Brahma lost no time in rushing to Vayu. The great God told the god of Wind. “My son, do you realise what would happen to the entire creation if you stop functioning? Please resume duty immediately.”

Vayu appreciated the Lord’s concern. He went down to the horizon and lifting up Anjaneya, placed him at Brahma’s feet. Brahma blessed the infant. At that he recovered his senses.

Vayu was happy. Wind began to blow again.

Brahma then told the assembly



of gods, "This infant would bring delight to all the spheres. He is an emanation of Lord Shiva. Let us all bless him."

Bhudevi, the presiding deity of the earth, gave Anjaneya the power to master Vedas. Varuna, the god of Waters, blessed him so that he would have no danger from seas or rivers or lakes. Yama, the god of Death, exempted him from the laws of senility and death. He was also blessed by Kuvera and Viswakarma. Indra named him Hanuman. Hanu means the jaw. The name was justified because Anjaneya's jaws had become stronger after he had been attacked with thunder. However, Indra now blessed him so that he would have no fear from thunders in the future.

Brahma then told Vayu, "This child will achieve great glory. He would be as calm as the mountains. At will he can see the whole universe. But he will be an ascetic, with absolute control over his senses. He will possess unlimited compassion, courage and other such virtues."

Brahma and the gods dispersed. Vayu carried Anjaneya with him and left him with Anjana. Anjana's joys knew no



bounds.

Gods and seers all discussed the miracle-lad who had tried to swallow up the sun—the mighty sun into whose aura nobody could ever step!

Keshari was very happy to learn that Hanuman had been blessed by all the gods.

As Hanuman grew up, he proved a problem child, for, he was always restless. The anxious Anjana and Keshari advised and warned him to be cautious! But Hanuman, for a while, appeared to be simply uncontrollable.

Brahmins became worried to see Hanuman behaving as he



liked. They knew that he was immune to any curse by the boons he had received from the gods. But he had great powers. If he used them whimsically, the whole world would be in great danger!

Fortunately, nobody had to worry on this account for long. Hanuman's conduct changed. He grew calm and wise. All were happy.

Time passed. One day Anjana told Hanuman, "Son! In the region called Kiskindhya live the Vanara princes named Vali and Sugriva. They are brothers and are your uncles. I want you to

proceed to Kiskindhya and live under Sugriva's care. But remember, if ever the two brothers quarrel, you must not destroy Vali even though you serve Sugriva."

Hanuman bowed to his mother and left for Kiskindhya. He was warmly received by Vali and Sugriva. He became a counsellor to Sugriva.

Soon Hanuman felt an urge to master the knowledge of the Vedas. One day, before dawn, he flew into the eastern horizon and prostrated himself to the rising sun. The sun was pleased.

"What is your desire?" the sun asked.

"O luminous god! I desire to possess the knowledge of the Vedas and other great scriptures," replied Hanuman.

"Well, the problem is, I am constantly on the move. How can I impart lessons to you?" said the sun.

"O great one! I will put one foot on the eastern horizon and the other one on the western horizon and remain leaning towards you even while you are in motion," said Hanuman.

"Great is your capacity, my son! You are incomparable. Do



as you said. You will make a magnificent sight for the gods," said the sun.

Hanuman circled round the sun with folded hands and began to enlarge himself, his head soon going above the stars. Even Brahma was amazed to see him, what to speak of the other gods!

Immensely pleased, the sun told Hanuman, "My son, you are born with the attributes of Shiva. What can I teach you?"

But Hanuman replied with humility, "O great one! You are the origin of all knowledge. I will not rest unless I have the privilege of learning from you."

Hanuman resumed his normal form. Thereafter he followed the sun, taking colossal strides to keep pace with the speeding god, and received from him not only the knowledge of the scriptures, but also all the great arts.

When his education was completed, Hanuman gratefully prostrated himself to the sun and returned to Kiskindhya. Sugriva was very much happy at this scholastic achievement of his nephew and counsellor.

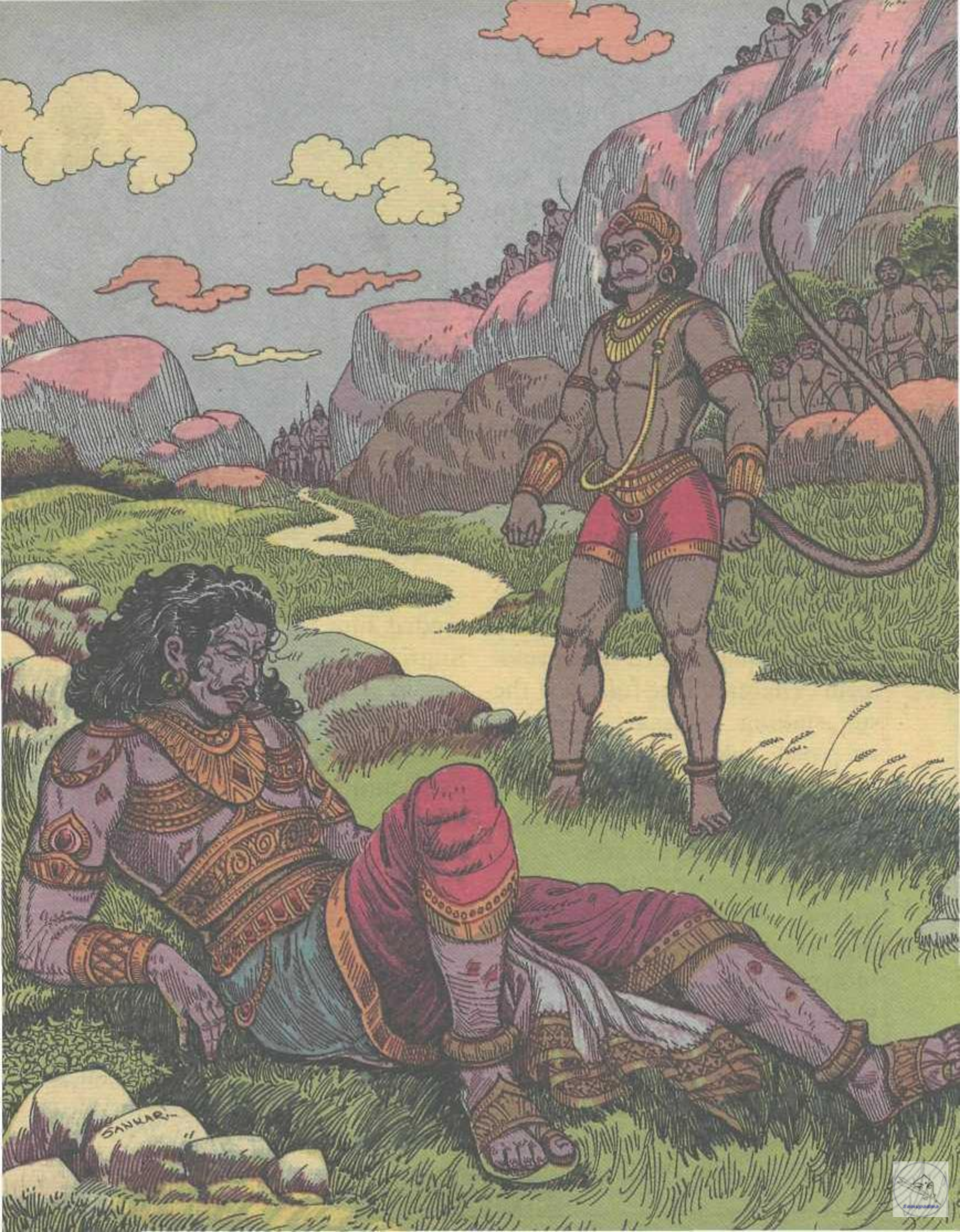
Vali and Sugriva were deeply fond of each other. After their father's death, Vali had suc-

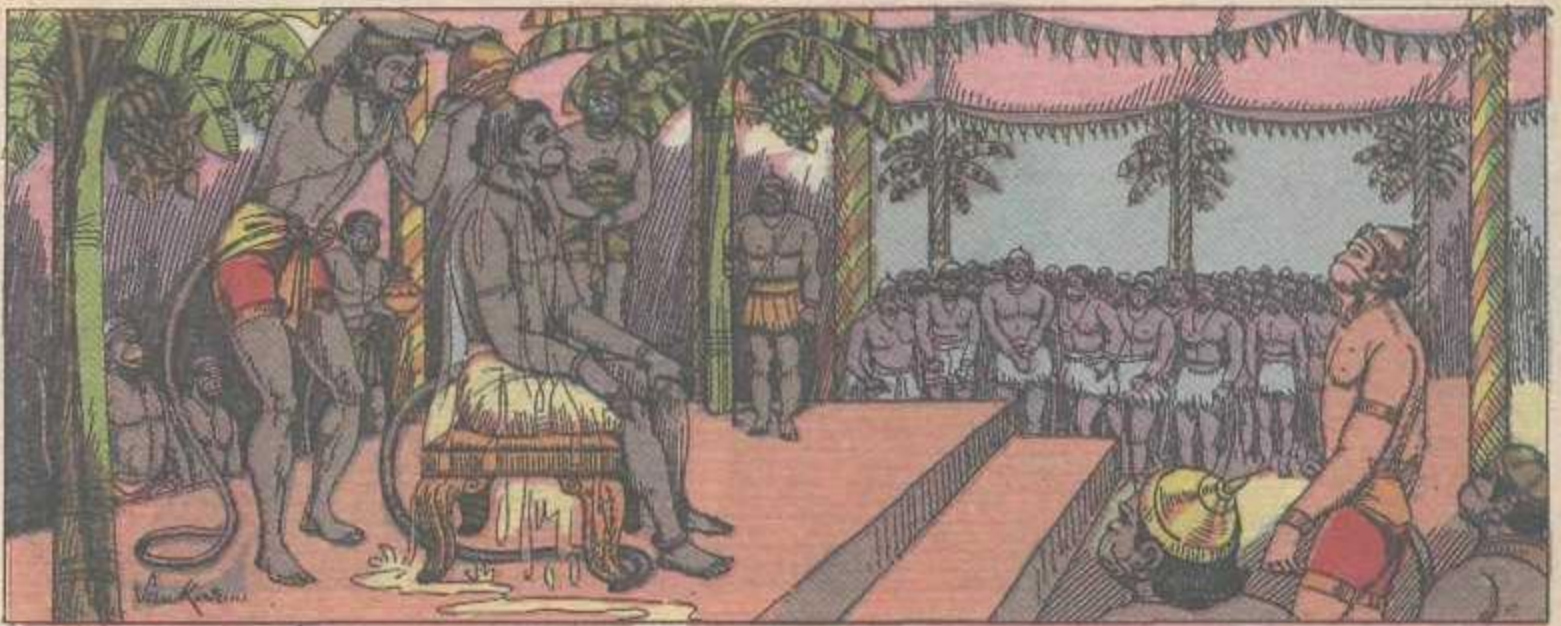


ceeded him to the throne while Sugriva had been declared the crown prince.

Great was Vali's valour. None could match him. Ravana, who had vanquished so many kings, one day challenged Vali to a combat. Vali humbled him with ease. Since then Ravana feared him and respected him as a valiant friend.

Another time a demon named Dundhuvi challenged a hero named Himavan to a combat. Himavan told him, "I am not your equal. The one worthy of your challenge is Vali. Why don't you try your strength against him?"





Dundhuvi approached Vali and threw a challenge at him for a trial of strength. Vali came out and in no time killed Dundhuvi and hurled his dead body away. Unfortunately, the dead body fell on Mount Rushyamuk, where a great sage named Matanga sat engrossed in meditation. The angry sage uttered a curse: "Should Vali ever dare to come to Rushyamuk, he would meet with his death!"

Dundhuvi had a son named Mayavi. Now he turned into Vali's arch-enemy. One night Mayavi appeared at Vali's dwelling and challenged Vali to a combat. As Vali got ready to face the challenge, his wife and Sugriva urged upon him to have patience and study the enemy's motive. But Vali paid no heed to their advice.

Sugriva followed Vali. When

Mayavi saw the two mighty brothers approaching him, he suddenly took to his heels. Vali and Sugriva pursued him.

After running for some time, Mayavi entered a tunnel in a mountain.

"Be here till I come out after killing Mayavi," Vali instructed Sugriva before entering the tunnel.

A long time passed. Vali did not come out. Then a stream of blood flowed out of the tunnel. That was followed by a wild laughter which sounded like a demon's. Sugriva thought that Vali had been killed.

He was extremely sad. He placed a heavy rock on the mouth of the tunnel and returned to Kiskindhya. Since he was the heir to the throne, he was now crowned the king.

—To continue





TALES FROM MANY LANDS (Ireland)

THE DREAMER

It was a fine morning. The good old farmer sat musing in his little garden. The sweet sunshine of the spring tenderly warmed his weary back. He looked at the freshly planted vegetables—carrots and lettuces, potatoes and tomatoes, and smiled. Will he be fortunate enough this season to pick them when they are ready? The cherry tree was a snowy peak covered with tiny white blossoms. In summer it will be laden with red juicy fruit!

Every year the brown rabbits hopped and skipped into his garden and nibbled away everything—root and all. During the warmer months the chirping birds fluttered onto the cherry

tree and ate away the fruit before they could fully ripen. But the farmer accepted his fate with a smile of resignation.

His neighbours said to him one day, “Master farmer, you let the small animals and the feathered creatures pilfer your property right before your eyes. Never a finger do you raise nor drive them off. How is that?”

“Yea,” the farmer replied letting out a little laugh, “I’m well rewarded for what I lose. Look how sweetly the birds sing on the cherry tree! Where can I find such happy sweetness? At dusk the cute little rabbits are good company to a solitary man.”

But the farmer was also a



peddler of small wares.

With a long bag strapped to his back and a hat on his head, he went every Sunday to the weekly fair.

Come! Oh come! Little boys
and girls,

Here's a flower for your
lovely curls.

Tops and marbles, trinkets
and toys,

Revel and fill your hearts
with joys.

Soon from little tots to young
lads and lasses would all gather
around him as he spread his
wares under the cool shade of the
chestnut tree.

A blue-eyed girl would pick up
a tiny brooch. Holding it to her
lovely frock, she would ask,
“Grandpa, how much do I pay
for this one?”

“Half a crown, my dear,” the
man would answer in a kindly
tone.

The girl would slowly put it
back, smile gone from her face.
“No, I don't even have half that
amount on me.”

The good old man would
beckon her to him and caress her
curls. Pinning the brooch onto
her frock, he would say, “It looks
much happier on your dainty



frock than in my rugged pack.”

The little boy's eyes remained
transfixed on the set of shining
marbles. Hands in his pockets he
stood with a disappointed look.
The peddler knew that he does
not have a single penny.
“Tommy, come over here. These
marbles are a present for you
from your Grandpa. Take them
and have fun!” he would say in a
loving tone.

Thus in the evening when the
farmer packed up, he had hardly
earned anything, but he would
sing his way homewards paying
no heed to the comments of the
townsfolk.



"Master peddler, you should be a little more prudent! Keep something aside for the future, for the day when your legs would no longer obey you," someone would say in a sober strain.

Now and then when there was neither market nor fair, the peddler would proceed to the chestnut tree without his pack. Those were the days when a host of happy children would gambol to him, saying, "Tell us stories today, Grandpa. Stories!"

So tales after tales, the old man would recount—tales of a bygone age, tales of heroes, fairies, magic and adventure. His young listeners sat charmed, in

pin-drop silence. When he finished, he would say, "Dear children, be brave like the handsome prince and gentle like the comely princess. Look into yourselves and discover the little blue flame of happiness."

Thus days changed into months and months into years. The farmer lived contented in his own sweet world. But alas! His pack grew lighter and lighter and a time came when his pockets were empty. There was nothing in his cupboard and nothing in his house. Half a loaf of bread and a cup of milk was all that he had for the day.

He warmed the milk on the



hearth and sliced the bread. As he sat to appease his hunger, there came a gentle knocking on the door. "Whosoever is there kindly enter," said he in a slightly raised tone. To his amazement there stood before him that little blue-eyed girl. "I'm hungry, Grandpa," she said in her sweet little voice.

The good old man fed her with the half a loaf of bread and the cup of milk and told her a lovely tale. The little girl planted a kiss on his forehead and romped away towards the town-square.

That night the peddler went to bed hungry. But hunger did not prevent him from dreaming. It was the blue-eyed girl he saw in

his dream. She was saying in a whispering tone, "Proceed to the hamlet beyond the yonder hill. There you'll know what you ought to know."

Well before the cock crowed on the morrow, he awoke and remembered the dream. He felt very weak indeed and hunger gnawed at his empty stomach. But the dream was too vivid in his memory and the girl seemed to speak with great earnestness. So, carrying his wooden staff, he made his way along the serpentine path. For two long arduous days he travelled, barely halting to refresh himself. At dawn the next day, he reached his





destination.

Soon, he saw an inn. The landlord, seeing a stranger, asked, "My good old man, what brings you to this sleepy little town?" The farmer had hardly any strength to speak.

The innkeeper took him in and fed him well. "Rest awhile and gulp this ale by the fire in the kitchen yonder," said he in a kindly tone.

When the farmer felt fresh again, he recounted to his host the dream he had the other night. "Good gracious! Just a dream you had and you believed it!" laughed the landlord.

Thanking the good innkeeper, the farmer set out, a twinkle in his eyes and a smile on his face. For he still believed deep within him that he had dreamt no ordinary dream.

Not a furlong had he advanced when he heard someone calling him. "Master farmer! Halt awhile Master farmer!" Turning back, he saw the landlord of the inn hastening towards him.

"I remember! Now I clearly remember!" he exclaimed gasping for breath. "I too had a dream."

"But what did you dream, my good friend?" asked the astonished farmer.

"A little blue-eyed girl I saw in my dream. Beckoning me to her, she said, 'Eastwards beyond the valley nestles a quiet hamlet. There, under a tree of white blossoms lies buried a secret treasure,'" said the innkeeper excitedly.

The farmer smiled and thanked him. His face brightened up, for he knew that in the east and across the hill lay only one hamlet. And that is where he lived! He began his homeward journey.

As he crossed his gate, it



dawned on him that the flowers of his cherry-tree were white. Could it be that the treasure was hidden under it?

Early next morning he took up his spade and began digging. He dug and shovelled well into the twilight. The sun dipped over the western hills and stars twinkled in the sky.

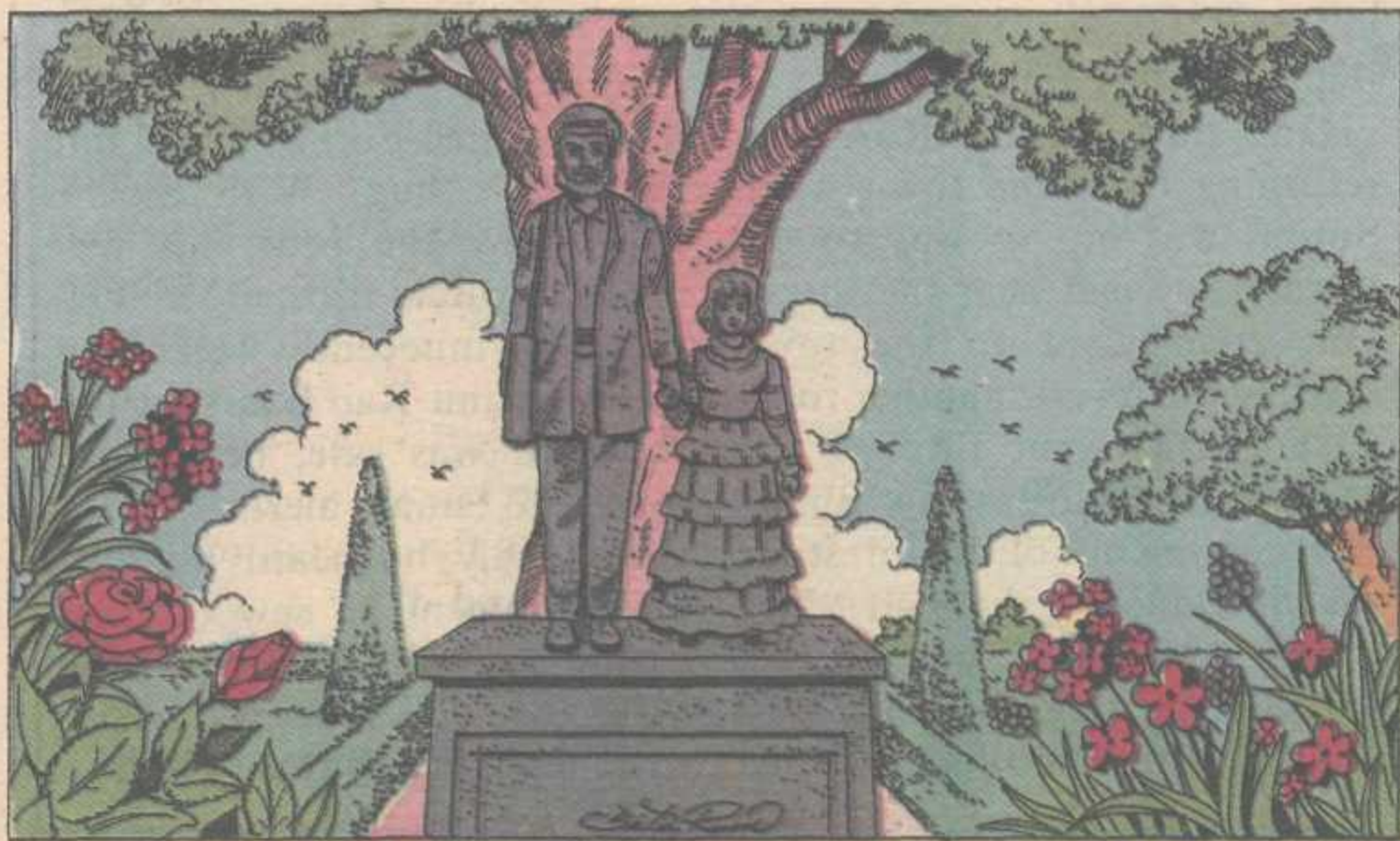
But the sweet whisper of the blue-eyed girl echoed and re-echoed in his mind. At last as he lowered his spade into the shallow trench to rest his tired limbs, it struck something solid. He removed the earth from the surface of the object and lo and behold! In the moonlight shone a

chest and as he opened it, he found it full of precious stones and gold.

The good old grandpa built a beautiful park for the children whom he loved so dearly. The rest of the wealth he donated for the welfare of his little hamlet that had been so kind and nice to him all his life.

In his loving memory the townsfolk erected a statue of him. To this day under the shade of the chestnut tree stands the good old man, a pack strapped to his back and a little girl holding his hand.

—Retold by Anup Kishore Das.





An Indian folktale

THE STRANGE BEAR

In the village of Kumarpalli there were two traders, Bhanu Rao and Surdas. Bhanu Rao could not prosper as much as he would like to because of the competition from Surdas. The villagers trusted Surdas more than any other trader.

One day Bhanu Rao was returning from the town when Surdas was on his way to the town. They met near the forest. One road went to the town skirting the forest; another road, a short-cut, went through the forest. Since Surdas saw Bhanu Rao coming out of the forest, he asked, "Bhanu, is the road safe?"

"Oh yes, it is safe if you proceed keeping the spring to your left," replied Bhanu. But he

spoke a lie. He knew that if one went ahead keeping the spring to the left, one was likely to come face to face with a bear which was looking for its food in an ant-hill. Bhanu Rao, upon noticing the bear, had avoided the passage. But, of course, Bhanu Rao very much wanted Surdas to fall into the bear's hug. With Surdas bagged by the bear, his own business would prosper!

Surdas innocently walked on. Since Bhanu Rao had said that the road was safe, he did not bother to remain alert.

Suddenly he heard a growl. Next moment he saw the bear rushing upon him. All he could do at the sudden danger was try to hide behind a tree. The bear

reached the other side of the tree, stood up and extended its two forelegs to locate the hiding man. Surdas knew that if he ran, the bear would chase him and catch him. He did something daring. He caught the two forelegs of the bear with both his hands.

Now, the bear tried to reach him. He moved a little. Soon the two were circling the tree with the standing bear's forelegs in Surdas's grip. He kept his grip tight so that the bear would not be free. They were almost wrestling.

Minutes passed. Surdas had put on a cotton waist-belt on his dhoti. The waist-belt contained fifty silver coins which he was

carrying to the town for his business. As the two kept circling the tree, the waist-belt was torn. Coins began to fall down.

Bhanu Rao had not been able to check his curiosity. What happened to Surdas? He was anxious to find out how well his rival fared in his encounter with the bear. Very cautiously he approached the spring. From the top of a rock he saw the strange situation—the bear and Surdas circling the tree. What is more, he saw silver coins falling down!

"What is this, my friend?" he asked Surdas. "It seems you have become friends and are playing together! And from where are





these coins coming?"

"It is a rare kind of bear, my friend, those who instantly fall in love with men. And as their tummies press against the trees, coins fall down from them. I had heard of such bears, but had never met any of them. It was a lucky day for me. I am thankful to you that you advised me to come this way," replied Surdas.

"My dear friend, if you are thankful to me, why don't you let me hold the bear for a while? Should you not let the bear yield some coins for me?" asked Bhanu Rao.

"Well, well, I think I had had enough. You may take hold of the bear—cautiously!" said Surdas.

Bhanu Rao went near Surdas. Surdas made him take grip of the bear's paws one after the other.

Then he collected his coins and said, "Look here, Bhanu Rao, do not let go the bear. It would kill you. Remain like this till I return with some villagers and rescue you!"

Surdas then ran into his village and called some village youths and was back at the scene. "Now, let the bear go!" he advised Bhanu Rao.

By then Bhanu Rao had understood that he had been tricked into the situation. He left the bear's paws. The angry bear planted a slap on him, but ran away at the sight of the lathi-wielding villagers.

Bhanu Rao had to thank Surdas, for, he could not have kept his grip tight for more than another minute or two. And it was obvious what the bear would have done to him!

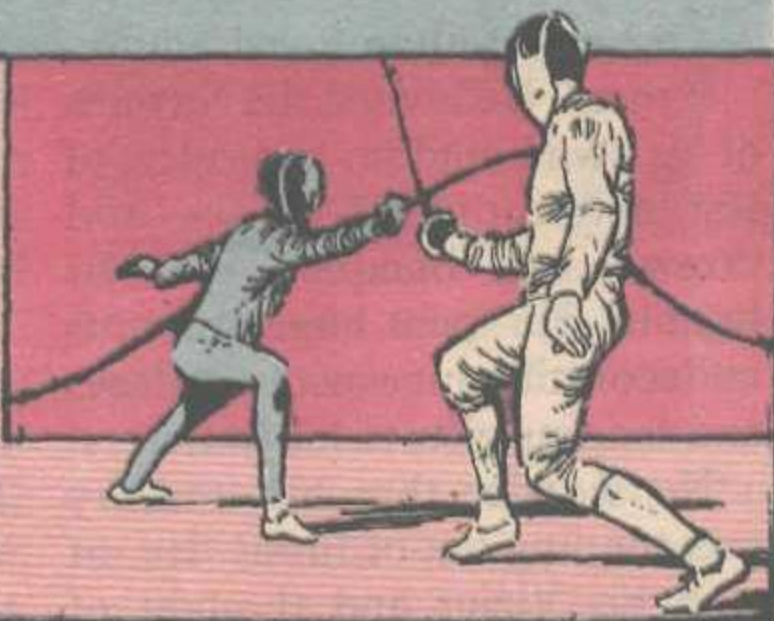


FIRST ATHLETICS

THE WORLD'S FIRST NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS WERE HELD IN ENGLAND IN 1866. THE COMPETITORS WERE "GENTLEMEN AMATEURS" FROM UNIVERSITIES, THE SERVICES, AND THE PROFESSIONAL CLASSES. IN 1880 IT WAS THROWN OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS.

FENCING...

FOIL AND EPEE FENCING COMPETITIONS ARE JUDGED BY AN ELECTRONIC APPARATUS THAT REGISTERS HITS ON THE CONTESTANTS. IF A HIT ARRIVES MORE THAN $1/25$ OF A SECOND BEFORE THE OPPONENT'S HIT, THE APPARATUS RECORDS ONLY THE FIRST HIT.



Bowls & cricket..

W.G. GRACE, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH CRICKETER, ALSO PLAYED BOWLS. HE WAS A PRIME MOVER IN THE FOUNDING OF THE ENGLISH BOWLING ASSOCIATION IN 1903 AND WAS ITS FIRST PRESIDENT.



THE SULTAN'S EASY INCOME

The new Sultan loved amusement. He invited the Nawabs of his own kingdom and rulers of the neighbouring states and threw costly banquets in their honour. He spent huge amounts in decorating his various palaces and sending gifts to his flatterers.

No wonder that his treasury was running out of funds. He sat with his Vizier and thought of new ways of raising money.

"I have an idea. Giving loans and taking interest is illegal in our country. Nevertheless, the business goes on illegally. Let us make it legal. We can tax the money-lenders on their income. That would bring us enough," said the Vazier.

The Sultan accepted the proposal. Money-lending became legal. Since the money-lenders were required to pay taxes to the

Sultan, the Sultan had to make a law to punish those who failed to pay back their dues to the money-lenders.

The money-lenders were happy because their illegal business became legal. They did not mind paying tax to the Sultan. They raised the rate of interest. When the creditors murmured, they said, "What can we do? We have to pay a tax on the interest we earn!"

Now that the people could openly borrow money, they started doing so to satisfy their wrong desires. Some drank wine. Soon they became addicted to the habit. They borrowed more and more, but could not pay back. Such defaulters were arrested and thrown into jail.

One day the Sultan's wife, the Sultana, saw that her maid

looked very gloomy. She asked her the reason for it. "Your Majesty," said the maid, "there is anarchy in the lane where I live. Four or five men have been arrested for default in paying back their loans. Their wives and mothers are wailing and cursing. Their children are starving. That makes me so unhappy."

Soon the Sultana found out what has brought about such a situation. Two days later, she asked her husband, "Do you have any objection to my doing a bit of money-lending? I will pay tax to your government like any other money-lender!"

"How can I object to a legal business?" said the Sultan.

It became known that the Sultana was ready to lend money. A poor palace guard was the first to approach her. He took a hundred mohurs, promising to pay back the amount, with an interest of fifty mohurs, after six months. The next man to borrow was the Vizier's clerk. He took two hundred mohurs and promised to pay it back after three months, with an interest of fifty mohurs. The third man to borrow was the Vizier himself. He took five hundred mohurs for

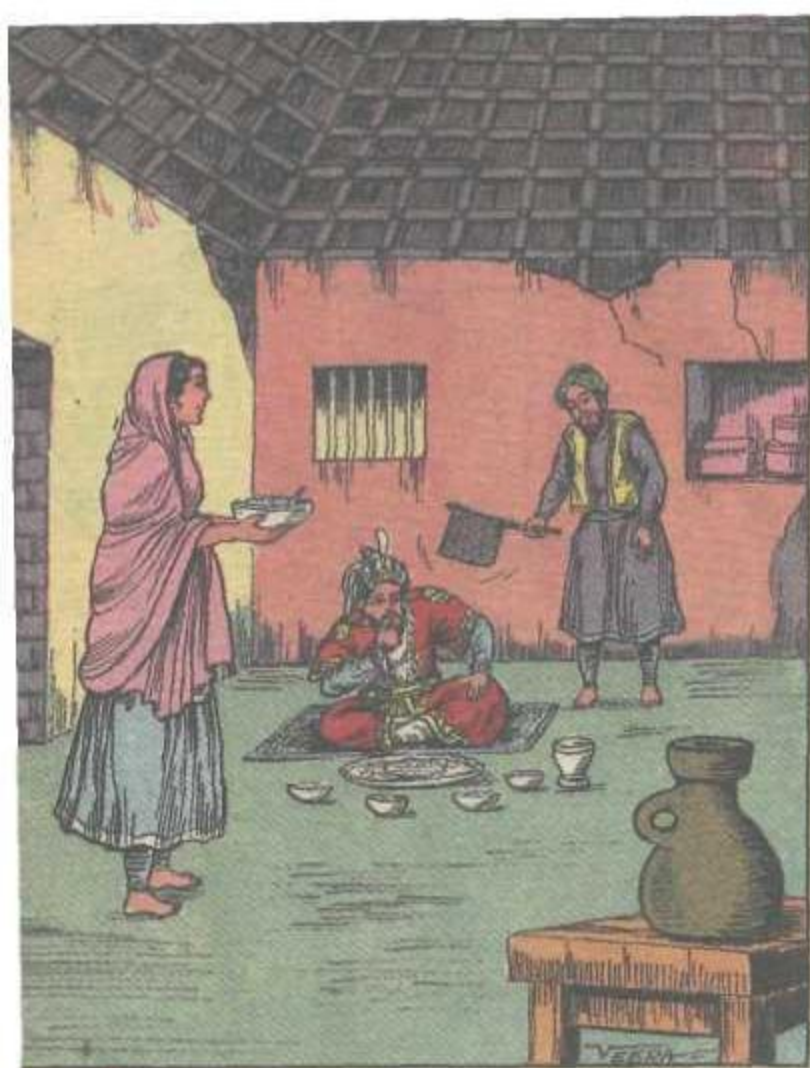


three months, promising to pay an added amount of a hundred mohurs as interest.

Some months later, one day the whimsical Sultan decided to go round his Sultanate and see the condition of the people himself, as his forefathers used to do. But his forefathers used to put on perfect disguises. He just changed his valuable clothes for a less valuable set and his costly turban for a less costly one thinking that this much change was sufficient for a disguise.

He rode to a smaller town and roamed about for a long time. He was tired and hungry.





He knocked on a poor man's door. The man opened the door and was surprised to see the Sultan! "Come in, Your Majesty! Can I be of any service to you?" the man asked.

"What a pity that you recognised me! However, I must confess that I am hungry. Can you feed me? Don't tell a word to anybody!" said the Sultan.

"Kindly relax, Your Majesty!" said the poor man. He ran to his neighbour's house, borrowed fifty mohurs and ran to the bazar and bought the best items available. His wife was an excellent cook. She could prepare deli-

cious dishes for the royal guest.

"The food is wonderful. But I wanted something simple. Thank you. I will send a reward to you," said the Sultan. Then he hopped onto his horse and galloped away.

The Vizier and his clerk had not been able to pay back their loans after three months. The Sultana had told them, "It is all right. But the day I need it, you must pay it!" Meanwhile six months had passed.

After reaching the palace, the king called his Vizier and gave him a thousand mohurs and the address of his host and asked him to send the amount to the man. The Sultana came to know about it. She summoned the Vizier and said, "I need my money urgently."

The Vizier had to take six hundred mohurs out of the thousand and hand over the amount to the Sultana. Then he gave the remaining four hundred mohurs to his clerk, asking him to deliver the amount to the Sultan's host.

The Sultana sent for the clerk and demanded her dues. The man had to give two hundred and fifty mohurs to her. He then

asked the palace guard to carry the remaining amount to the Sultan's host.

But the Sultana summoned the guard and demanded her dues. The guard handed over to her the entire amount he had.

A few days later, among the host of people arrested for their default in paying to their money-lenders, the king spotted a familiar face. He was his host!

"Good God! What made you borrow money when I sent a thousand mohurs to you?" demanded the Sultan.

"A thousand mohurs, my lord? I did not receive a single coin!" cried out the man.

The Sultan looked sternly at his Vizier. He had to confess that he had given only four hundred mohurs to the clerk to carry it to the man. The clerk confessed that he had given only one hundred and fifty mohurs to the guard. The guard confessed to his not giving anything at all to the man!

The Sultan ordered the three to be jailed for a year. Then rewarded the poor man who had been his host, but at the same time said, "You too should be jailed. You had no business to borrow to feed me. You should



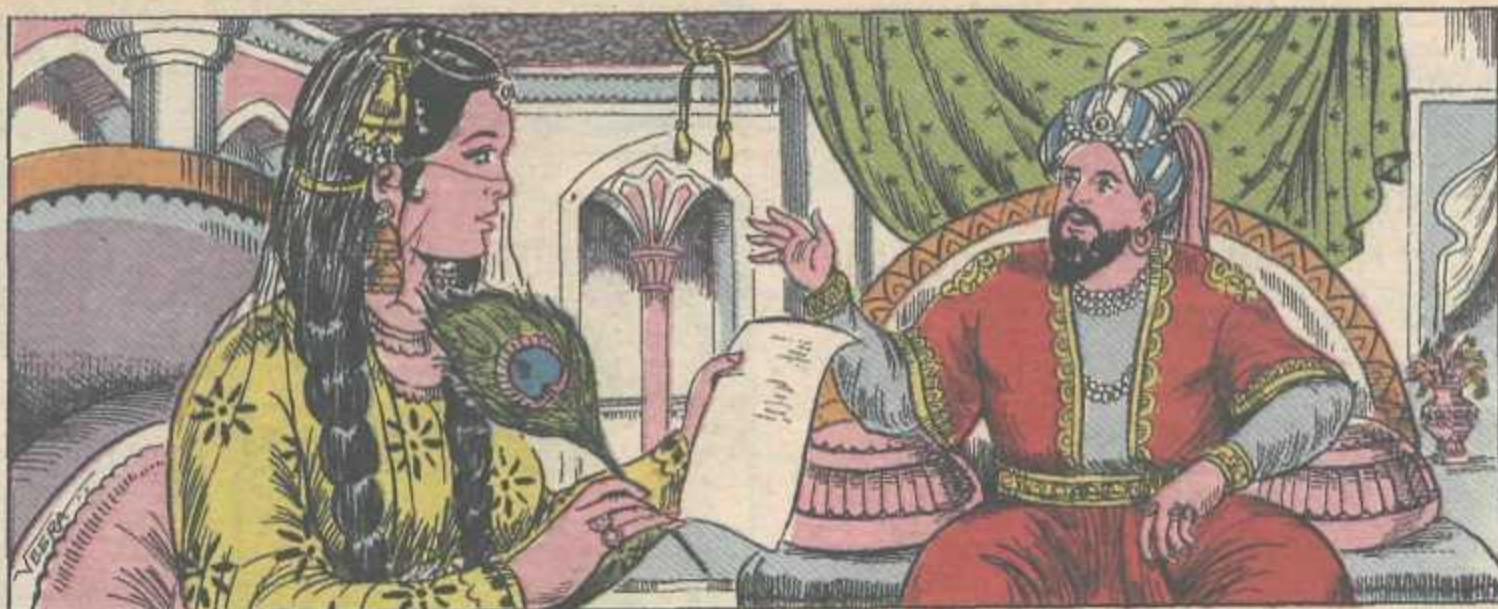
have given me a share of your own food!"

The Sultana brought an amount of fifty mohurs to the Sultan and said, "This is the tax due on me for my earning two hundred mohurs as interest."

"Dear Sultana! Four people have been jailed on account of the loans taken from you!" observed the Sultan.

"I see. How much would you spend on the four people for feeding them and looking after them in jail?" asked the Sultana.

"I have to calculate. But surely, much more than fifty mohurs," said the Sultan.



“My lord, I will like you to find out how many defaulters are in jail and how much you are earning as taxes from the money-lenders and how much you are spending on the prisoners,” said the Sultana.

The Sultan returned to his wife the next day with the calculation. He spends five times more on prisoners than he earned as tax!

The Sultana smiled and said, “I had taken to the business to prove that your policy was wrong. There are many other factors. Borrowing has not only become a habit with the people, it has promoted several other habits like drinking, gambling etc.”

The Sultan soon scrapped the law.

OWE TO FINISH FIRST

Pravin came out of the lecture hall just after five minutes.

“Finished?” asked a gentleman who stood outside.

“Yes.”

“I never thought that the lecturers would finish talking so soon!”

“He has not finished talking. I finished listening,” explained Pravin.



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LET US KNOW

(Before sending their questions, readers are requested to glance through this column in earlier issues. We receive many questions which are already published along with answers. We would not like to repeat the answers. Also, in view of the large number of questions we receive, it would be proper for our readers to ask only one question each. Kindly remember that the question you ask should be important enough for others too; the answer to it should be of general interest. —Chandamama)

What is hypnotism?

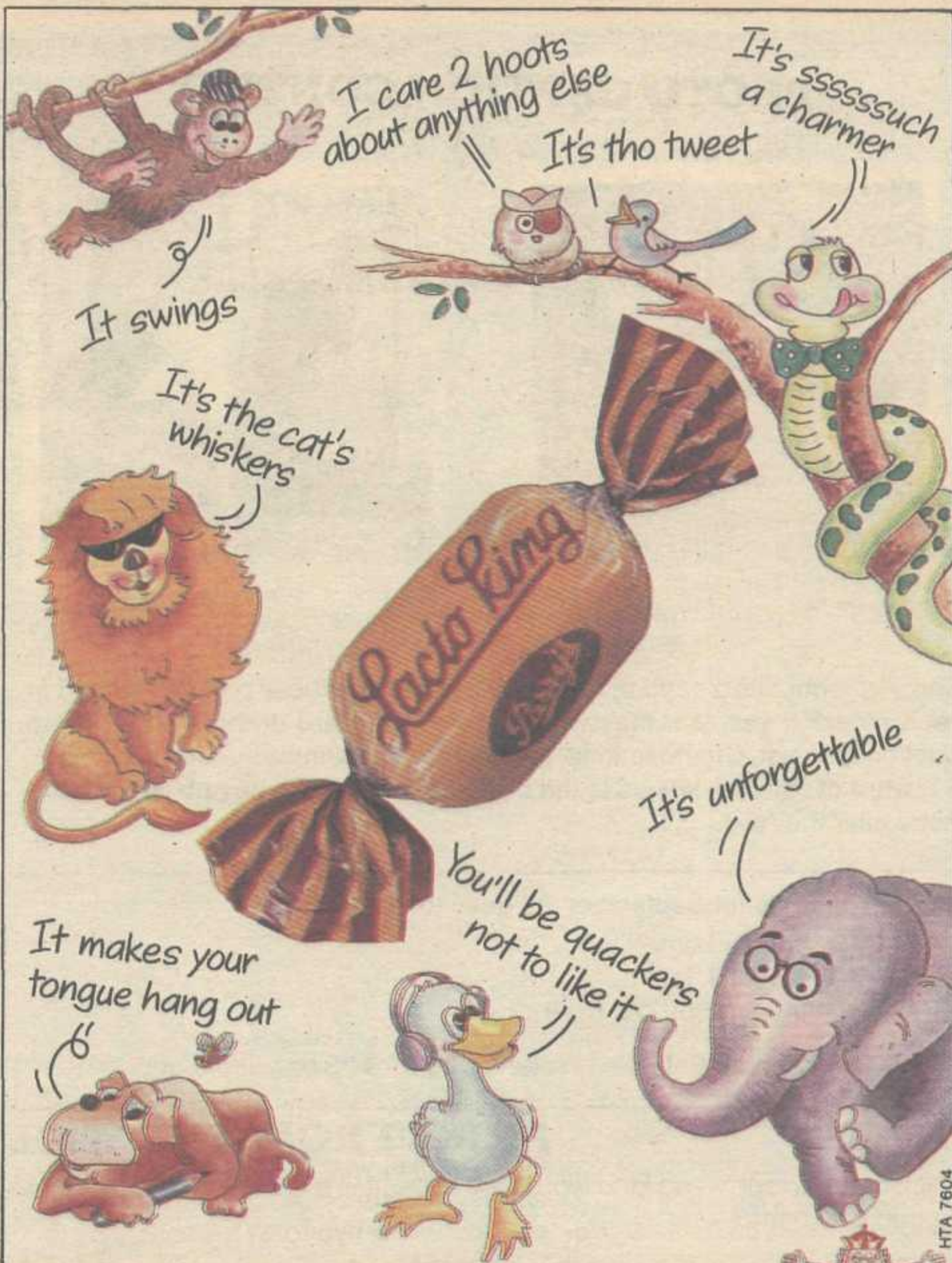
— S. Manjunath, Bangalore.

Hypnotism is the science of inspiring *hypnosis* in a person. The term *Hypnosis* is derived from *Hypnos*, the Greek god of sleep.

When one is under hypnosis or in a hypnotised condition, one is in a sleep-like state, but not asleep in the ordinary sense. The person's mind responds to some questions put to him or her. He or she can recollect forgotten things. Generally there is a hypnotist who puts him or her (the subject) to this state, with the consent of the subject. In fact the subject's willingness to submit himself or herself to the hypnotist's command, to become as passive as possible, helps the process.

Sometimes suppressed emotions or fears might cause mental or even physical problems. The hypnotist tries to bring it to the surface. That helps the problem to be solved.

Hypnosis is widely practised as a method of medical treatment.



HTA 7604

Parry's Lacto King - So tasty,
everyone's going on and on about it!



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



S. Maheswar Rao



M. Natarajan

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for September '90 goes to:—

Mrs. Sheela Nayak
D-4/13, PTS, NTPC,
Jyothinagar-505215. (A.P)

The Winning Entry:— "Water in Sight" & "Swans in Flight"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

To use harsh words when kind words are at hand is picking unripe fruit where ripe fruit is at hand.

—Tirukkural

Forgiveness is the true nature of the ascetic.


—Ramakrishna

Give your life to none, I say, save to Him who gave it.

—Tagore

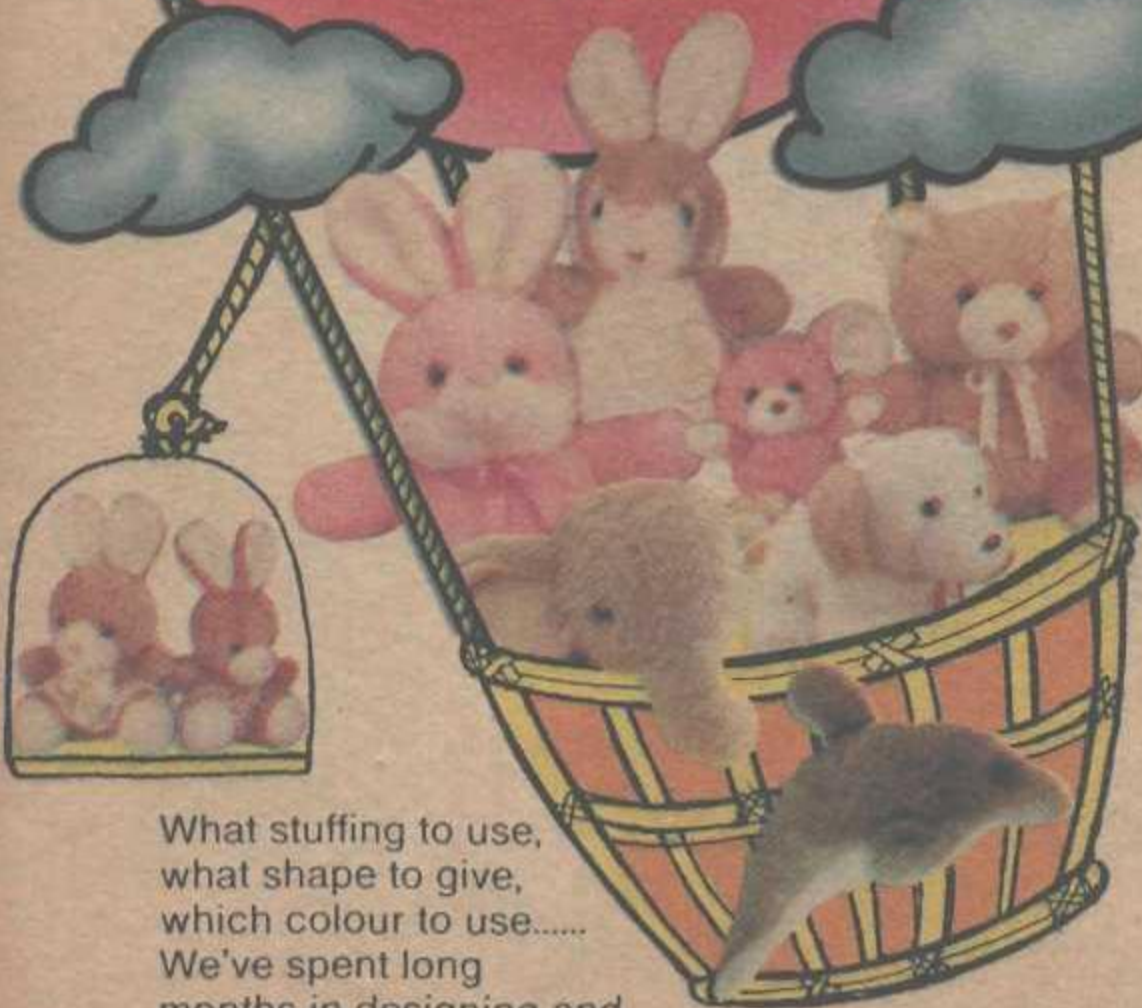


Ta dum,
They
is here



Oops!
Kiddy grammar
sure is catchy—Ya,
they are here.

Bow Wow 'n' Floppy the doggies
(wuff! wuff!), Jumbo the elephant, Wabbit
the rabbit, Teddy 'n' Sporty your bear bud-
dies, the mouse of your house—Squeeks,
not to mention Flipper the dolphin 'n'
Bunny with the Twins. They are all
part of the CUDDLES family. And
hang on—there's more
to come.



What stuffing to use,
what shape to give,
which colour to use.....
We've spent long
months in designing and
crafting the toys which can
take on the toughest torture
test ever—childhandling. To
ensure that they're safe.

The one thing we
didn't do while
making our toys
was fool around.
We left that
entirely for
your kid to do.
Come, check us out.

CUDDLES

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I've turned
milk and
cream into
'gold' for you!



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